

A.N.C.

JUMBO

No. 110
APRIL
10¢

COMIC

For Chills
and Thrills—
**GHOST
GALLERY**

FICTION HOUSE
52
Pages
MAGAZINES

SHEENA,
Queen of the Jungle,
in "Death Guards
the Congo Keep"

The Big

OF THE COMICS!

**EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!**

ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-25TH



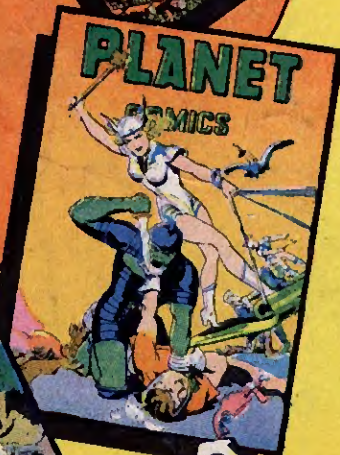
ON SALE-1ST

**Why
Guess?
Get the
Best!**



ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-5TH



ON SALE-10TH

**LOOK FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE!**



**A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE**

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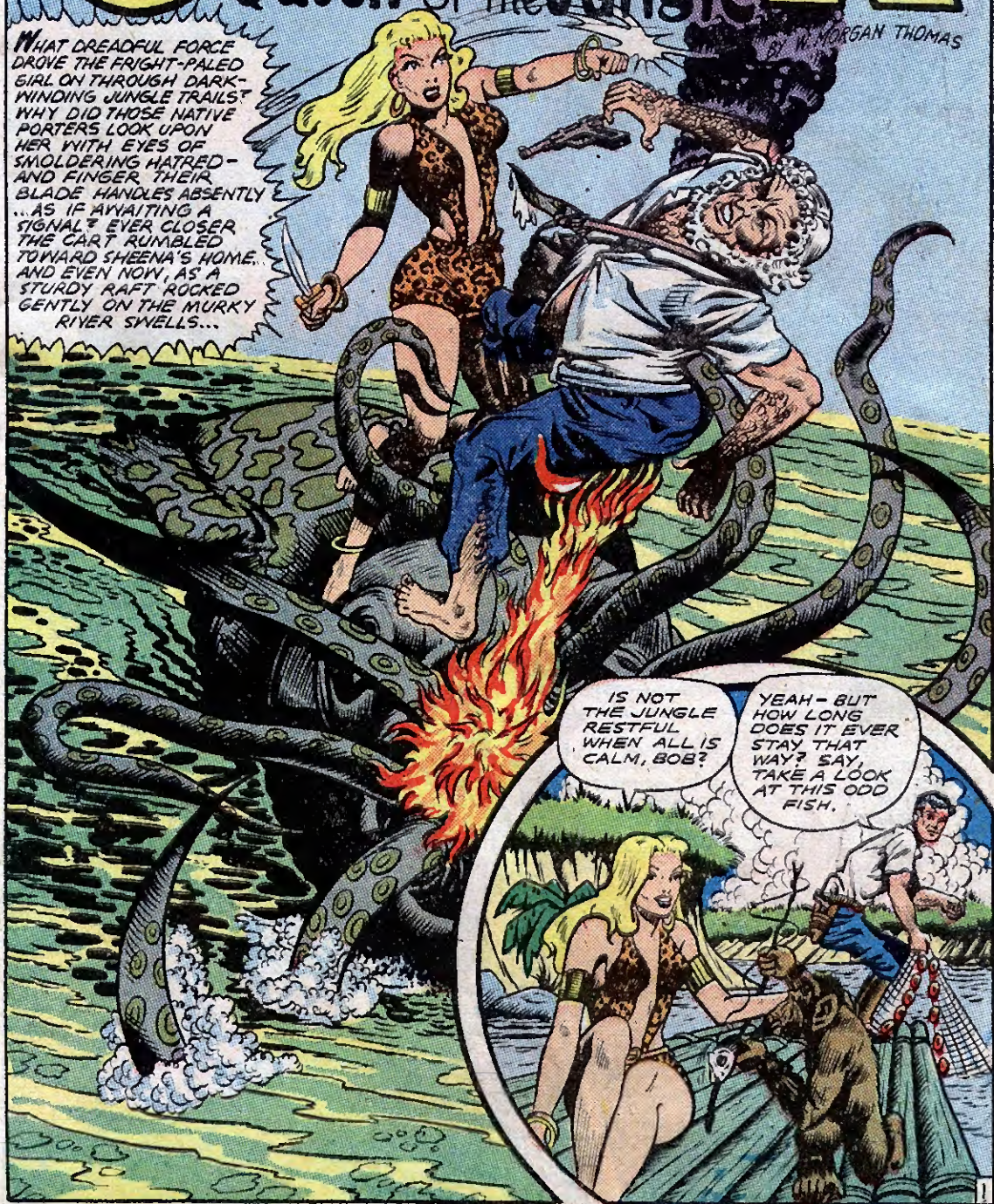
NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 111, MAY) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND APRIL 1st.

SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

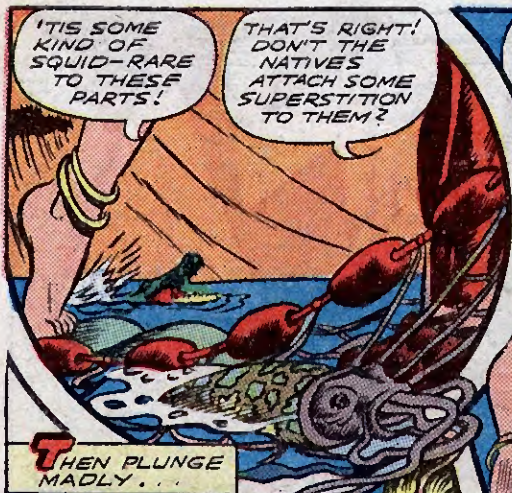
BY W. MORGAN THOMAS

WHAT DREADFUL FORCE
DROVE THE FRIGHT-PALED
GIRL ON THROUGH DARK-
WINDING JUNGLE TRAILS?
WHY DID THOSE NATIVE
PORTERS LOOK UPON
HER WITH EYES OF
SMOLDERING HATRED-
AND FINGER THEIR
BLADE HANDLES ABSENTLY
... AS IF AWAITING A
SIGNAL? EVER CLOSER
THE CART RUMBLLED
TOWARD SHEENA'S HOME,
AND EVEN NOW, AS A
STURDY RAFT ROCKED
GENTLY ON THE MURKY
RIVER SWELLS...



IS NOT
THE JUNGLE
RESTFUL
WHEN ALL IS
CALM, BOB?

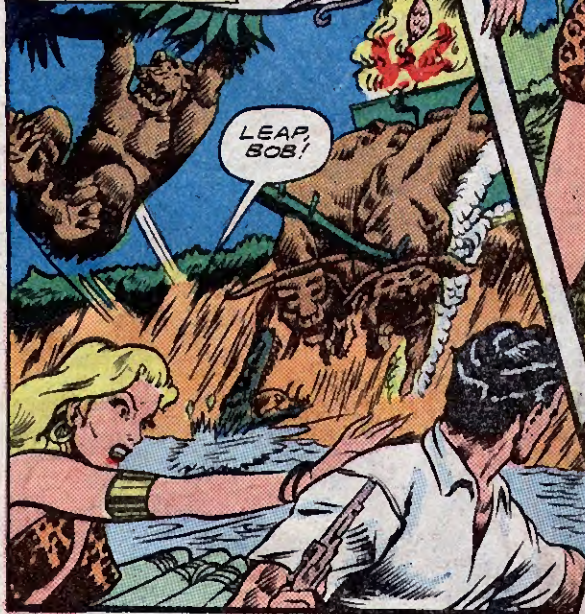
YEAH - BUT
HOW LONG
DOES IT EVER
STAY THAT
WAY? SAY,
TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS ODD
FISH.



'TIS SOME KIND OF SQUID-RARE TO THESE PARTS!

THAT'S RIGHT! DON'T THE NATIVES ATTACH SOME SUPERSTITION TO THEM?

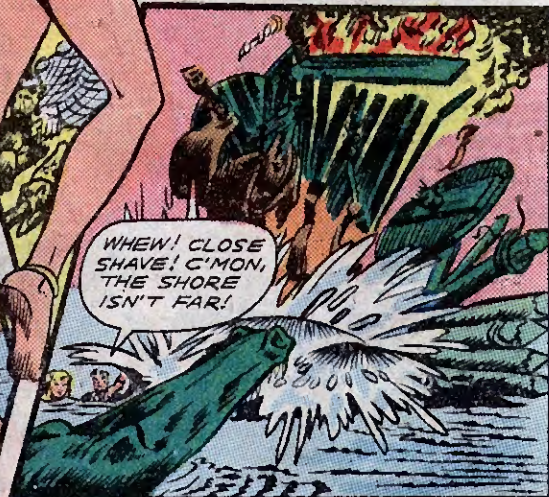
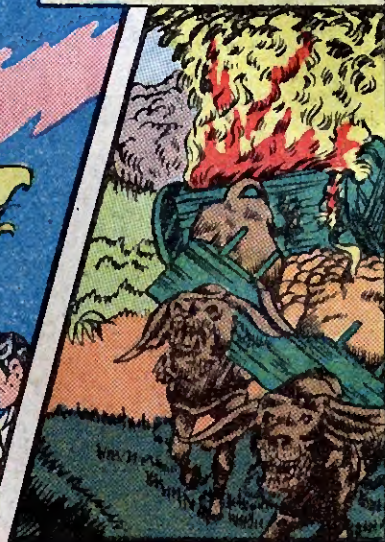
THEN PLUNGE MADLY...



LEAP, BOB!

AYE, THEY FEAR THEM AS SOME DEVIL-GOD—I—BOB LOOK!

AROUND ON THE SHORE LEDGE, FLAME-CRAZED BEASTS THUNDER...

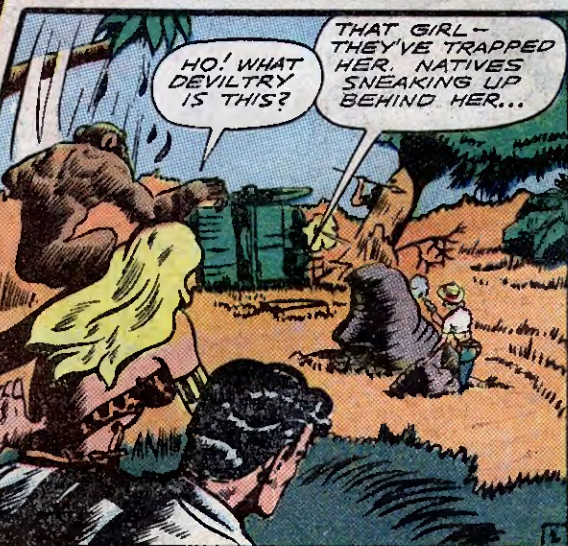


WHEW! CLOSE SHAVE! C'MON, THE SHORE ISN'T FAR!



SAFE—LOOK, THE LONG-NOSES ARE FINISHING THOSE BUFFALOES!

QUICKLY, WE MUST DISCOVER THE MEANING OF THIS! AT THE CREST OF YONDER LEDGE. HARK—BOOM-STICKS...



HO! WHAT DEVILTRY IS THIS?

THAT GIRL—THEY'VE TRAPPED HER. NATIVES SNEAKING UP BEHIND HER...



SURROUNDED!
GUN'S EMPTY!
THEY'RE GOING
TO KILL ME!

DEATH
SHALL
BE SWIFT,
SHE-
DEVIL!



T'GOMA
TRIBESMEN!
BUT NOT THIS
DAY SHALL
YOUR HAND
DO THE DEED!



WAH! THE
JUNGLE
QUEEN!

AYE, SPAWN
OF THE JACKAL!
QUICKLY, BOB,
YOUR THUNDER-
STICK!

RIGHT!
THEY'RE
RUNNING
LIKE
FRIGHTENED
GAZELLES!
IS THE GIRL
OKAY?



SHE STIRS! WHAT
MEANS THIS, WHITE
ONE? WHO ARE YOU?

SYLVIA MONTROSS-
THOSE NATIVES WERE
MY PORTERS!
KILLED MY GUIDE!

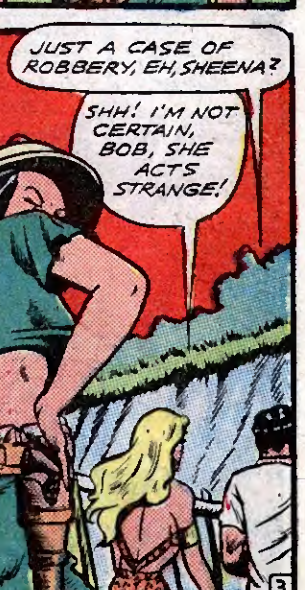


BUT WHERE
WERE YOU
TREKKING,
WHAT DO
YOU SEEK?

I - I'M SUPPOSED
TO MEET SOME-
ONE AT K'NORBA!
JUST A ROUTINE
EXPEDITION,
SHEENA.



CAN'T LET
THEM KNOW
MY PURPOSE.
I'LL GET AWAY
LATER. THERE-
I DON'T WANT
THEM TO SEE
THIS MONEY
BELT.



JUST A CASE OF
ROBBERY, EH, SHEENA?

SHH! I'M NOT
CERTAIN,
BOB, SHE
ACTS
STRANGE!

SOON, AT T'GOMA KRAAL...

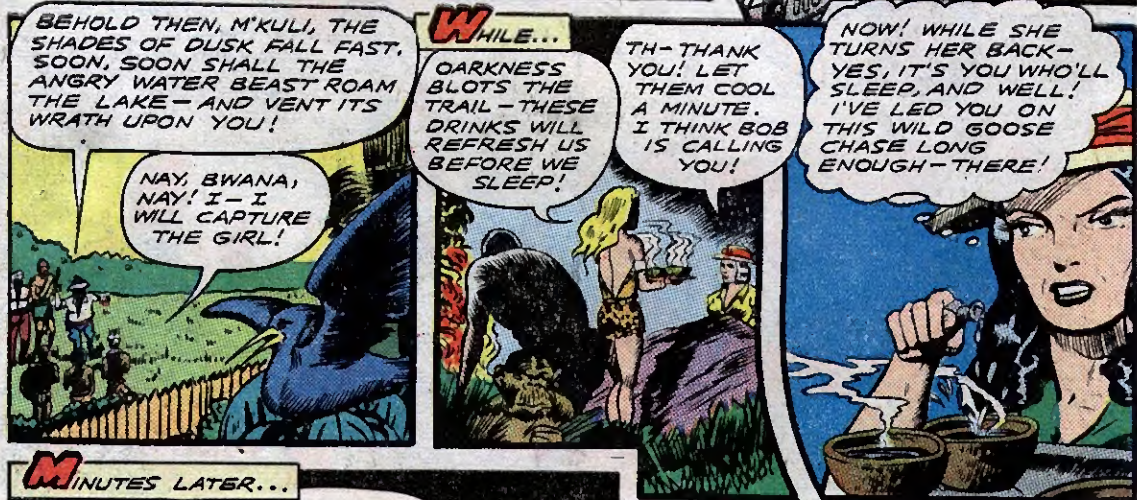


THE ATTACK WAS DOOMED TO FAILURE, CHIEF M'KULI! 'T WAS AN ANGRY SHEENA WHO DROVE US OFF!

WAH! THE GODS OF OMEN FROWN UPON OUR DEED. WHY MUST WE CAPTURE THIS YOUNG GIRL, BWANA CARTER?

BECAUSE, YOU FOOL, SHE HAS A MAP TO MY LOST ISLAND - AND IT MUST NOT BE DISCOVERED!

MAYOMBA! I TREMBLE AT THE EVIL YOU HIDE UPON YOUR ISLE! YET GREATER IS MY FEAR OF SHEENA!



BEHOLD THEN, M'KULI, THE SHADES OF DUSK FALL FAST. SOON, SOON SHALL THE ANGRY WATER BEAST ROAM THE LAKE - AND VENT ITS WRATH UPON YOU!

NAY, BWANA, NAY! I - I WILL CAPTURE THE GIRL!

WHILE...

DARKNESS BLOTS THE TRAIL - THESE DRINKS WILL REFRESH US BEFORE WE SLEEP!

TH - THANK YOU! LET THEM COOL A MINUTE. I THINK BOB IS CALLING YOU!

NOW! WHILE SHE TURNS HER BACK - YES, IT'S YOU WHO'LL SLEEP, AND WELL! I'VE LED YOU ON THIS WILD GOOSE CHASE LONG ENOUGH - THERE!



MINUTES LATER...

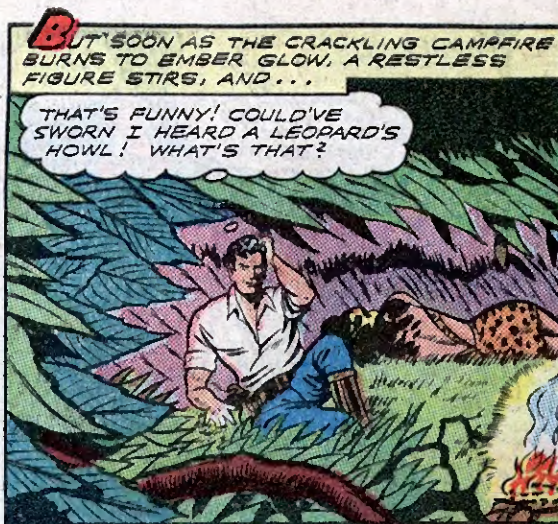
IT HAS COOLED. WE CAN DRINK.

PSST! CHIM, YOU RASCAL! COME HERE WITH THAT! COME HERE I SAY!

CHEE!

LITTLE IMP - HE DRAINED THE CUP! OH, WELL, I WON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT. HE PROBABLY NEEDED IT MORE THAN I DO! HO-HUM! GUESS I'LL TURN IN...

CHEE! CHEE!



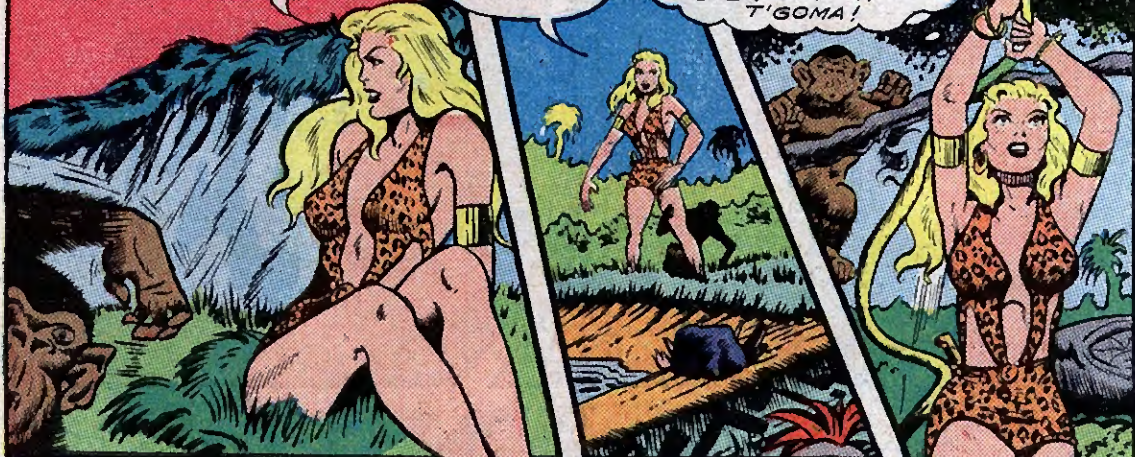
NEXT MORNING...

HO! THAT IS STRANGE - THE SUN IS HIGH IN THE HEAVEN YET I DO NOT SEE BOB OR THE GIRL! I MUST FIND THE DUGOUTS...

WHAT! ONE SMASHED! THE OTHER GONE! I BEGIN TO SUSPECT A PLOT...

THOSE NATIVES WHO ATTACKED HER WERE FROM T'GOMA! PERHAPS SHE WAS HEADED FOR THERE. WE WILL DISCOVER THAT AT T'GOMA!

COME, CHIM!



WHILE...

YOU HOLD THE CARDS, SIS! THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO BY DUGOUT. T'GOMA'S JUST AHEAD! WAIT - THOSE SOUNDS...

NO TRICKS! KEEP MOVING!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT! WE'VE WALKED INTO AN AMBUSH!

SEIZE THEM!

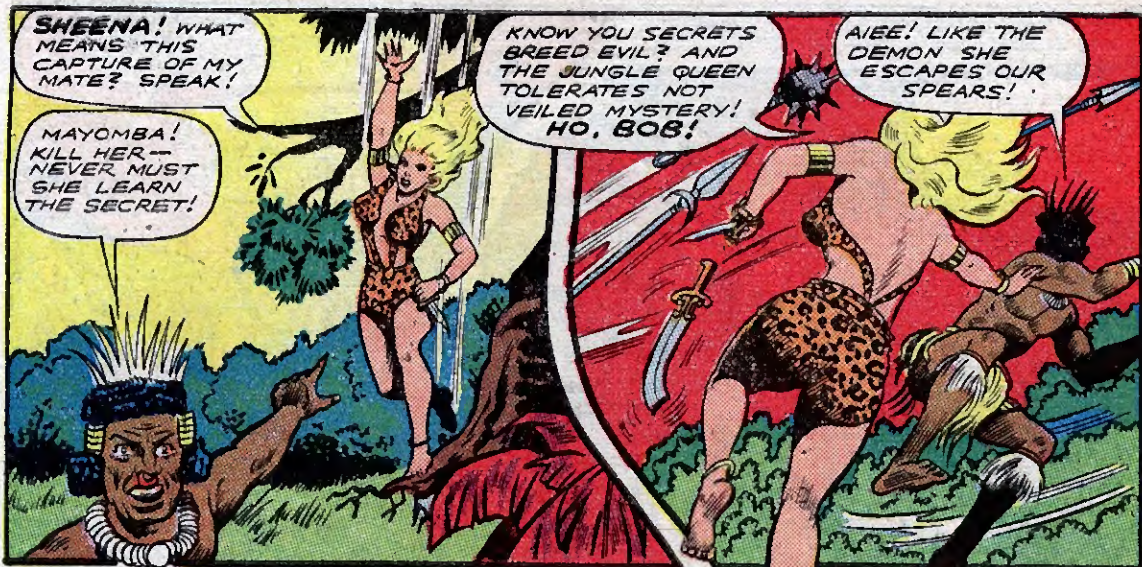


HEY! LET GO, FOOLS! SHEENA WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS!

SILENCE! SHEENA'S POWER NOT SO GREAT AS WATER BEAST'S! BRING THEM TO THE LAKE!

THAT FERRY SHALL TAKE YOU TO THE ISLE OF LOST MEN - FROM WHICH NONE RETURN, EVER! BUT WHAT SLITHERS IN YONDER TREE?





SHEENA! WHAT MEANS THIS CAPTURE OF MY MATE? SPEAK!

MAYOMBA! KILL HER— NEVER MUST SHE LEARN THE SECRET!

KNOW YOU SECRETS BREED EVIL? AND THE JUNGLE QUEEN TOLERATES NOT VEILED MYSTERY! HO, BOB!

AIEE! LIKE THE DEMON SHE ESCAPES OUR SPEARS!



WAH! SHE EDGES TOWARD THE BOAT!

LEAP QUICKLY, BOB! THE DUGOUT—I FOLLOW!

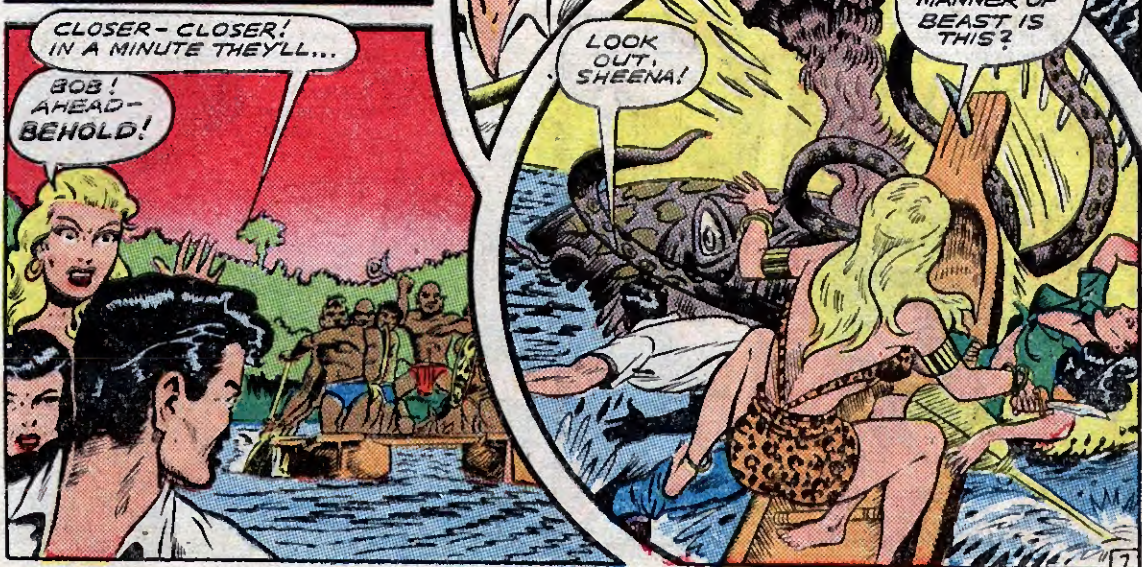
ESCAPE CAME NOT TOO SOON! LET PADDLES BE SWIFT!

WHEW! THOSE SPEARS ARE CLOSE!

LOOK!

THEY PURSUE US!

AND THEY'RE GAINING WITH EVERY STROKE!



CLOSER—CLOSER! IN A MINUTE THEY'LL...

BOB! AHEAD—BEHOLD!

LOOK OUT, SHEENA!

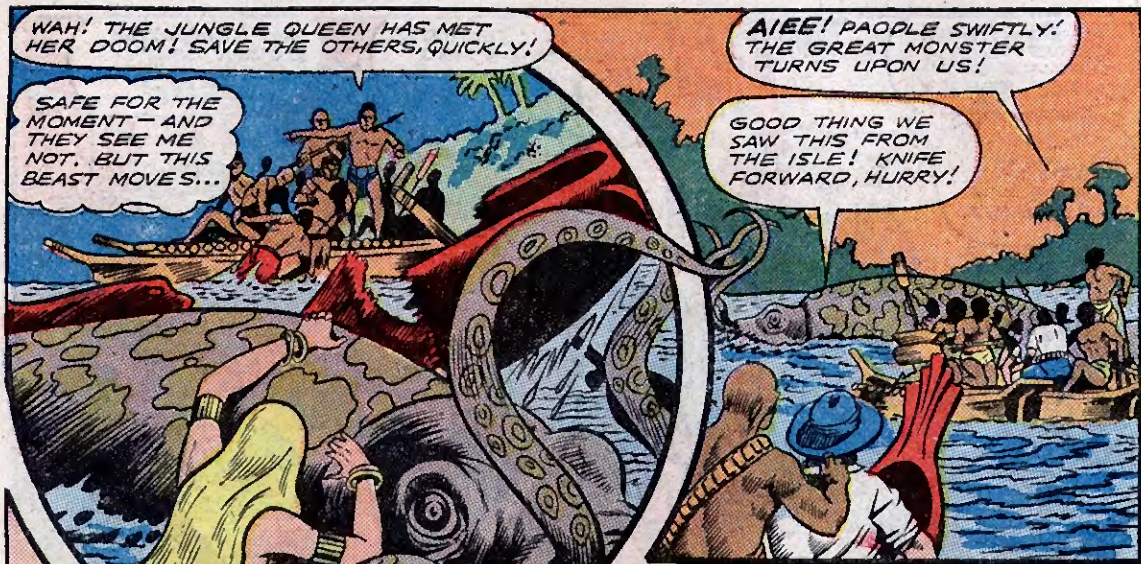
TOO LATE! BUT WHAT MANNER OF BEAST IS THIS?

WAH! THE JUNGLE QUEEN HAS MET HER DOOM! SAVE THE OTHERS, QUICKLY!

SAFE FOR THE MOMENT—AND THEY SEE ME NOT, BUT THIS BEAST MOVES...

AIEE! PAOPLE SWIFTLY! THE GREAT MONSTER TURNS UPON US!

GOOD THING WE SAW THIS FROM THE ISLE! KNIFE FORWARD, HURRY!



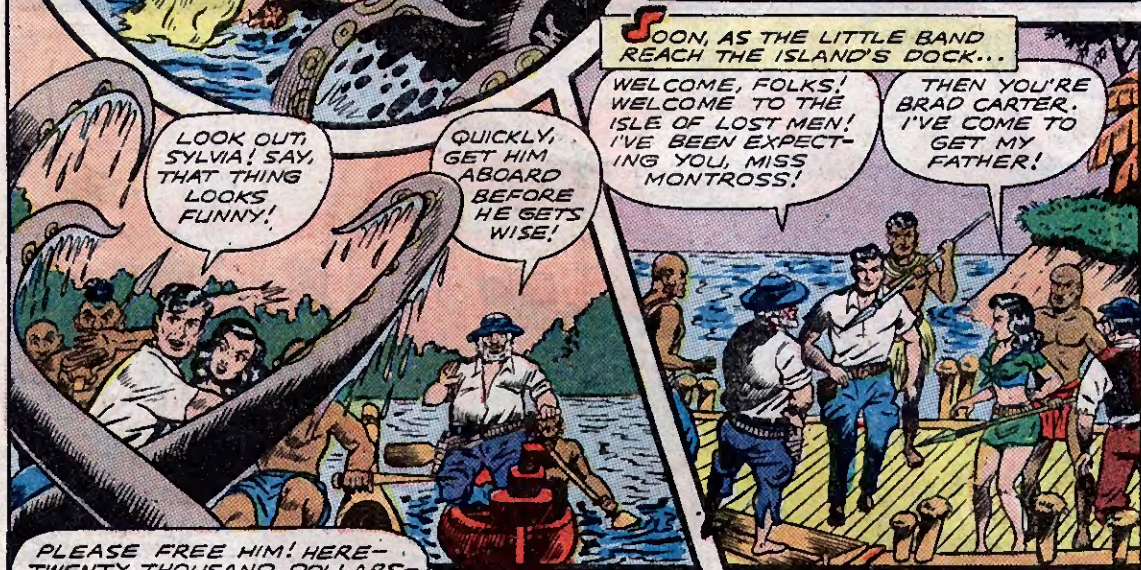
LOOK OUT, SYLVIA! SAY, THAT THING LOOKS FUNNY!

QUICKLY, GET HIM ABOARD BEFORE HE GETS WISE!

SOON, AS THE LITTLE BAND REACH THE ISLAND'S DOCK...

WELCOME, FOLKS! WELCOME TO THE ISLE OF LOST MEN! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, MISS MONTROSS!

THEN YOU'RE BRAD CARTER. I'VE COME TO GET MY FATHER!



PLEASE FREE HIM! HERE—TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS—FOR HIS RELEASE! THREE TIMES AS MUCH AS HE PAID TO GET IN HERE.

SURE—SURE! GIVE IT TO ME!

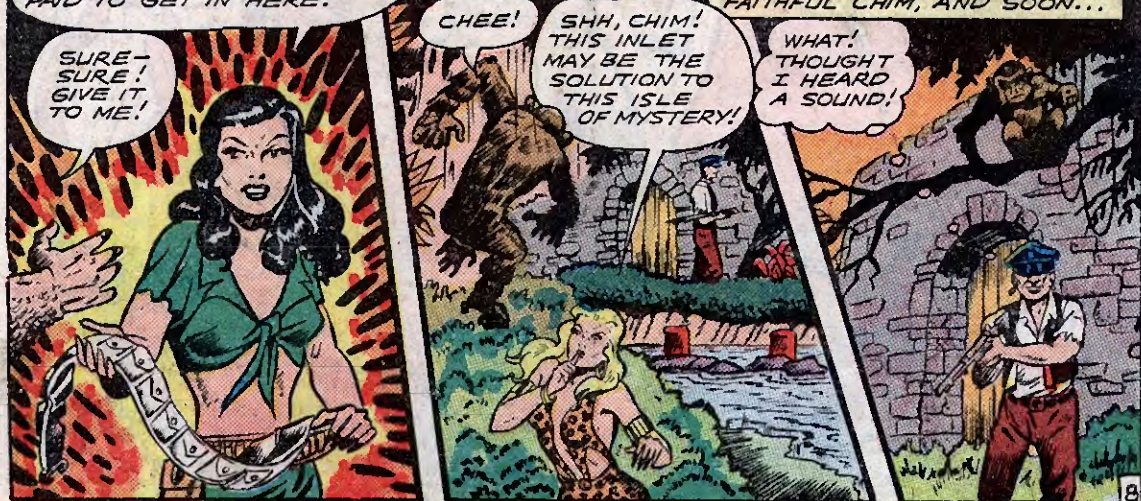
MEANWHILE...

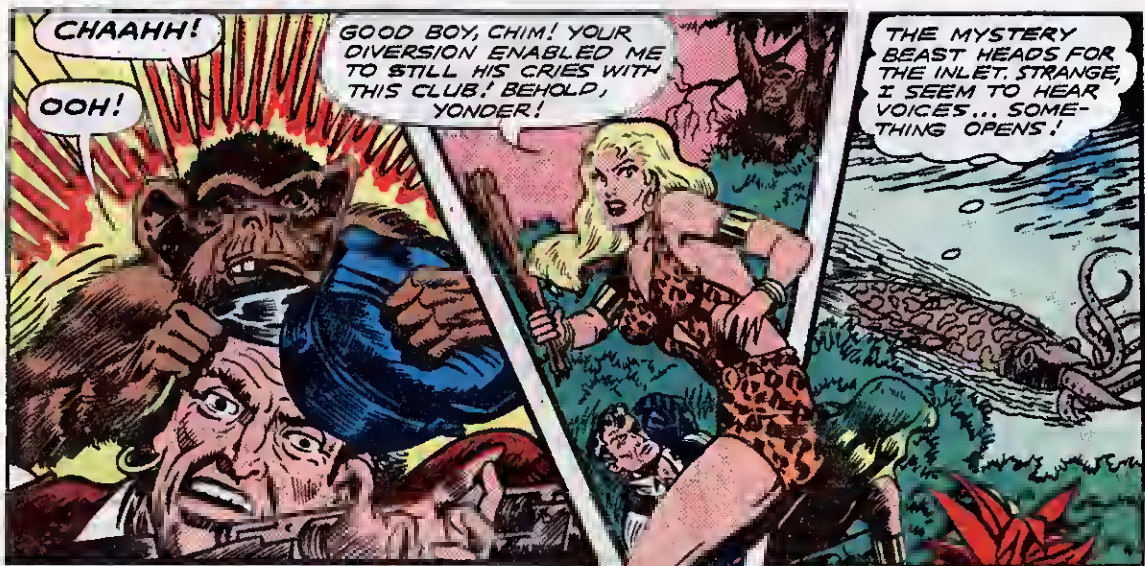
CHEE!

SHH, CHIM! THIS INLET MAY BE THE SOLUTION TO THIS ISLE OF MYSTERY!

SWIFT WHISPERED ORDERS TO FAITHFUL CHIM, AND SOON...

WHAT! I THOUGHT I HEARD A SOUND!



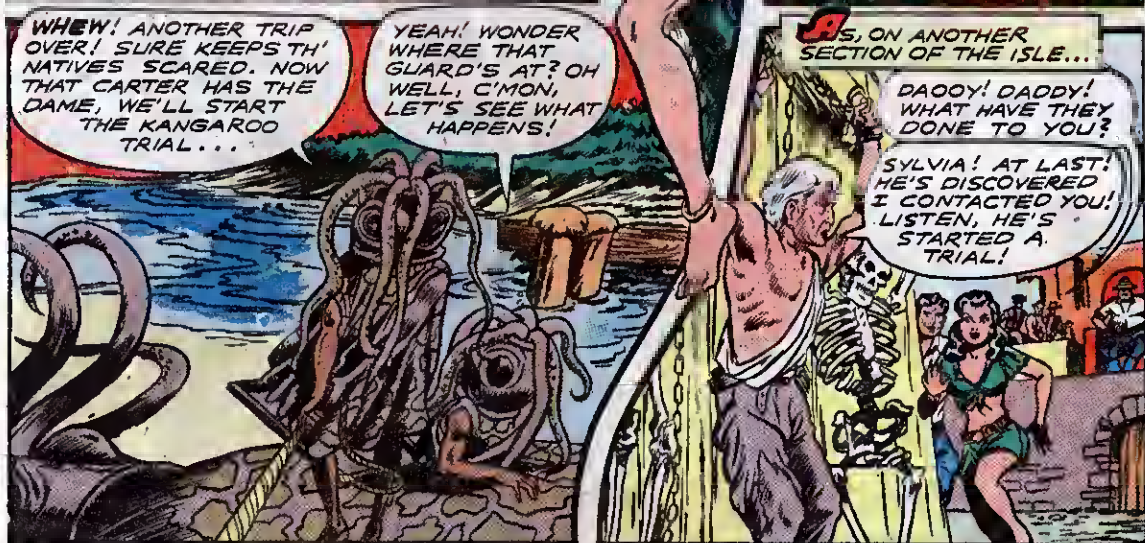


CHAAHH!

OOH!

GOOD BOY, CHIM! YOUR DIVERSION ENABLED ME TO STILL HIS CRIES WITH THIS CLUB! BEHOLD, YONDER!

THE MYSTERY BEAST HEADS FOR THE INLET. STRANGE, I SEEM TO HEAR VOICES... SOMETHING OPENS!



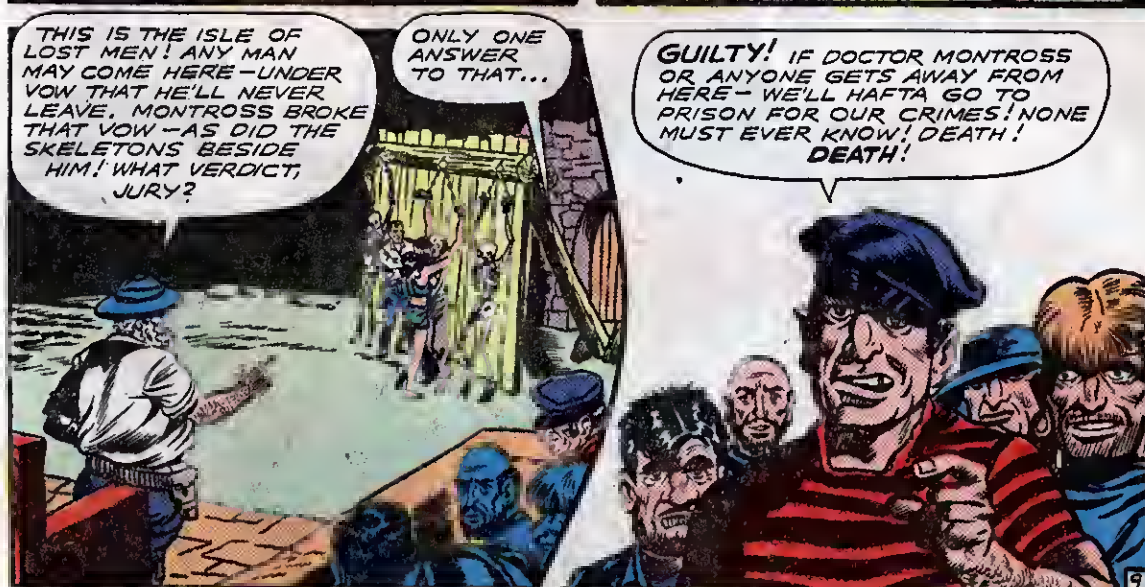
WHEW! ANOTHER TRIP OVER! SURE KEEPS TH' NATIVES SCARED. NOW THAT CARTER HAS THE DAME, WE'LL START THE KANGAROO TRIAL...

YEAH! WONDER WHERE THAT GUARD'S AT? OH WELL, C'MON, LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

AS, ON ANOTHER SECTION OF THE ISLE...

DADDY! DADDY! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

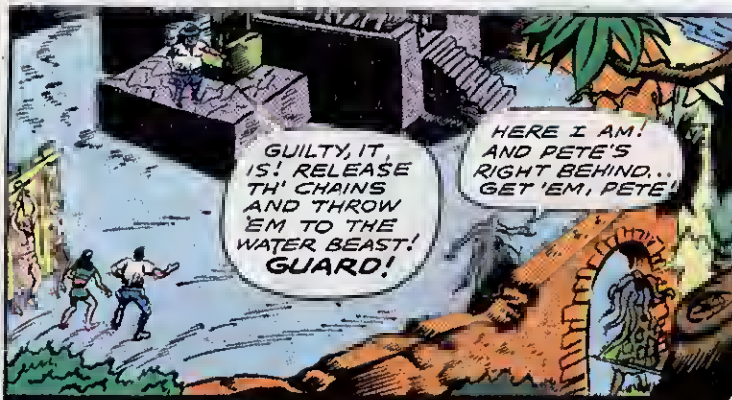
SYLVIA! AT LAST! HE'S DISCOVERED I CONTACTED YOU! LISTEN, HE'S STARTED A TRIAL!



THIS IS THE ISLE OF LOST MEN! ANY MAN MAY COME HERE—UNDER VOW THAT HE'LL NEVER LEAVE. MONTROSS BROKE THAT VOW—AS DID THE SKELETONS BESIDE HIM! WHAT VERDICT, JURY?

ONLY ONE ANSWER TO THAT...

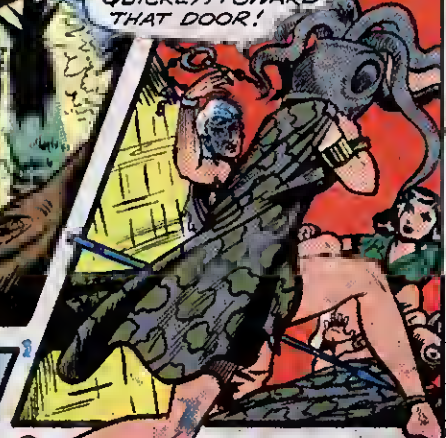
GUILTY! IF DOCTOR MONTROSS OR ANYONE GETS AWAY FROM HERE—WE'LL HAFTA GO TO PRISON FOR OUR CRIMES! NONE MUST EVER KNOW! DEATH! DEATH!



GUILTY, IT IS! RELEASE TH' CHAINS AND THROW 'EM TO THE WATER BEAST! **GUARD!**

HERE I AM! AND PETE'S RIGHT BEHIND... GET 'EM, PETE!

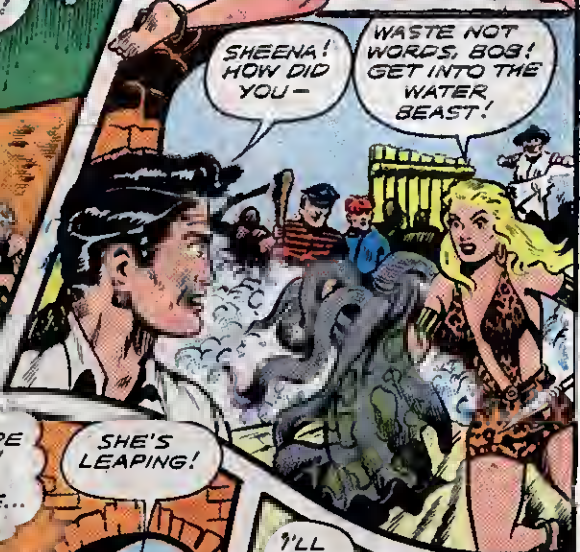
THEY'VE RELEASED THE CHAINS! RUN! QUICKLY, TOWARD THAT DOOR!



HEY, THAT'S NOT PETE! STOP 'EM! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

THIS WAY, HURRY!

SWIFTLY, FRANTIC FIGURES SCRAMBLE DOWN THE HATCH...



SHEENA! HOW DID YOU—

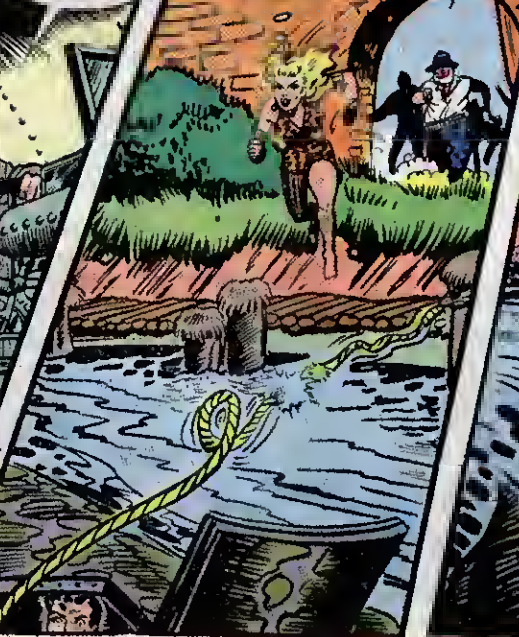
WASTE NOT WORDS, BOB! GET INTO THE WATER BEAST!

PRETTY CLEVER! A SMALL SUBMARINE WITH SQUID TRAPPINGS. HEY, WAIT FOR SHEENA!

WHAT! I MERELY TWISTED THIS AND—WHY, WE'RE MOVING!

THE ROPE SNAPS! ONE CHANCE...

SHE'S LEAPING!



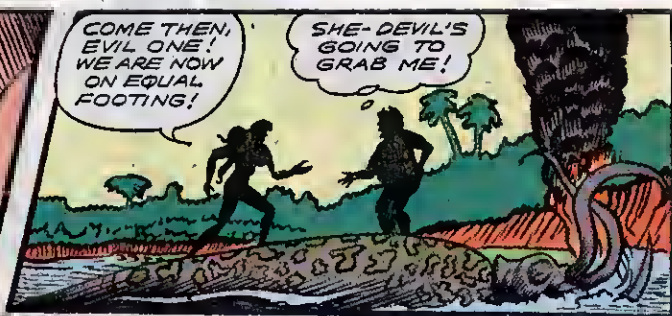
I'LL GET HER!





IF SHE EVER GETS AWAY— I'M SUNK! GOT TO STOP HER!

I'LL FIX YOU!



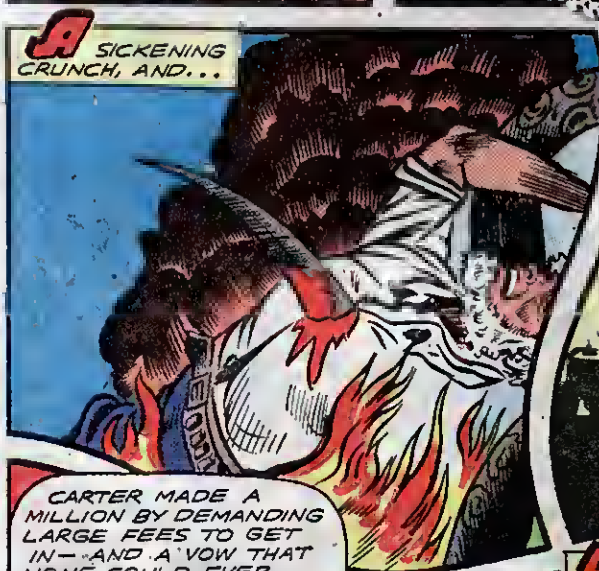
COME THEN, EVIL ONE! WE ARE NOW ON EQUAL FOOTING!

SHE-DEVIL'S GOING TO GRAB ME!



INTO THE WATER WITH YOU!

NO! THAT TENTACLE— IT'S STEEL! AAHH!



A SICKENING CRUNCH, AND...

CARTER MADE A MILLION BY DEMANDING LARGE FEES TO GET IN— AND A VOW THAT NONE COULD EVER LEAVE! SYLVIA GOT WORD TO ME OF MY VINDICATION AND ACTED CAGEY, LEST CARTER KILL ME!

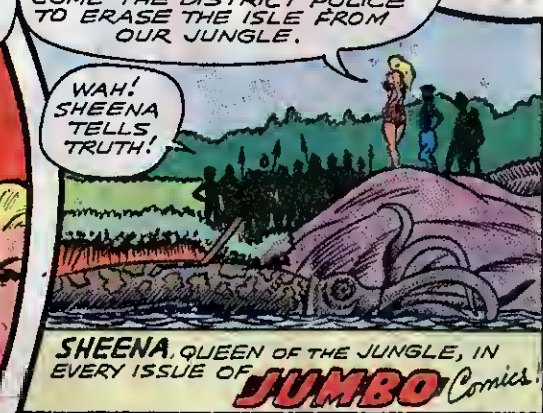
BUT THE VOW WAS AN EVIL ONE— AND YOU ARE SAFE! HO, WE NEAR SHORE...



SOON...

CARTER IS DEAD! HOW DID ALL OF THIS COME ABOUT, DOCTOR MONTROSS?

YEARS AGO I THOUGHT I WAS DISGRACED BECAUSE OF AN OPERATION FAILURE, SHEENA!



LATER...

SEE YOU NOW THE EVIL WHITE-MEN'S TRICKERY. SOON WILL COME THE DISTRICT POLICE TO ERASE THE ISLE FROM OUR JUNGLE.

WAH! SHEENA TELLS TRUTH!

SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE, IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO Comics!**

The Hawk

BY WILLIS RENSIE

LISTEN TO THE
DEAD MAN'S DRUM...
ITS LOW DIRGE-LIKE
CADENCE ECHOING O'ER
THE WAVES... CALLING
THE HAWK TO A
PIRATE COVE FROM AN
ADMIRALTY OFFICE HIGH
ABOVE WINGATE PRISON...



AS BELOW...



ONE O' TH' CONGRESS,
'E WAS— MAKES NO
BONES ABOUT IT.
BLIMEY — IF I 'AD ME
WAY, 'ED TELL WHERE
THEIR HIDEOUT BE!

YOU MAY
TRY YOUR
WAY,
JAILER—
ON WITH
IT!

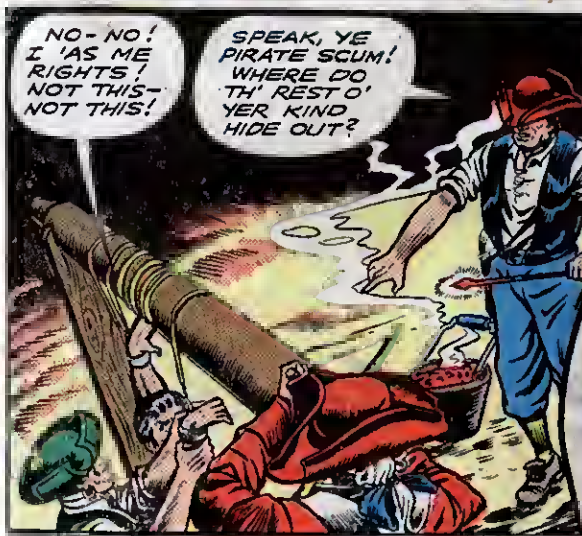


YE'LL LEARN
NOTHIN' FROM
HUGH DONN—
NOTHIN'! TAKE
YER 'ANDS
OFF ME!



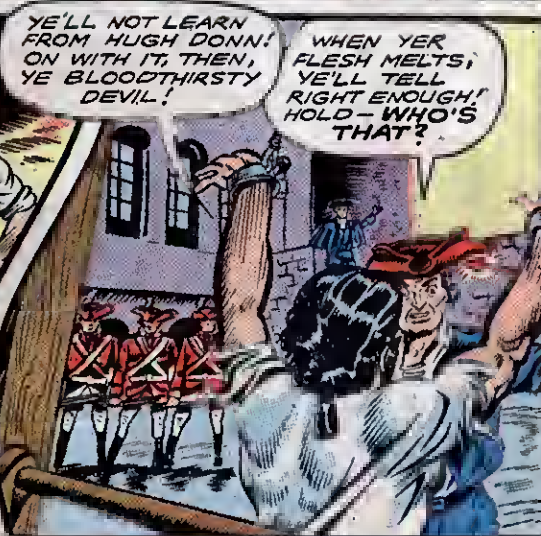
TO THE
COURTYARD
WITH 'IM—
QUICKLY!

AYE, AN' IF TH'
RACKS WON'T
LOOSEN 'IS
TONGUE, A HOT
IRON WILL!
BRING TH'
BRAZIER!



NO— NO!
I 'AS ME
RIGHTS!
NOT THIS—
NOT THIS!

SPEAK, YE
PIRATE SCUM!
WHERE DO
TH' REST O'
YER KIND
HIDE OUT?



YE'LL NOT LEARN
FROM HUGH DONN!
ON WITH IT, THEN,
YE BLOODTHIRSTY
DEVIL!

WHEN YER
FLESH MELTS,
YE'LL TELL
RIGHT ENOUGH!
HOLD— WHO'S
THAT?



TH—TH—
OOOH!

CAP'N HAWK!
YE— YE'D AID
OL' HUGH!
AVAST— TH'
REDCOATS...



TH' HAWK'S GONE
MAD— BEFRINDING
A PIRATE! SHOOT
HIM DOWN! FIRE!

WHILE, WATCHING...

NOW, JEREMY—NOW!
TELL CALEB AND
THE REST TO LOOK
ALIVE—HURRY!

SEE 'ER SIGNAL, I
DO, YOUNG 'UN! ALL
RIGHT, LADDIES—
THROUGH TH' GATE!

YON'S TH'
SKIPPER,
MATE!

AYE—INTO TH'
LUBBERS! HAVE
CARE O' TH'
MUSKETS,
THOUGH!

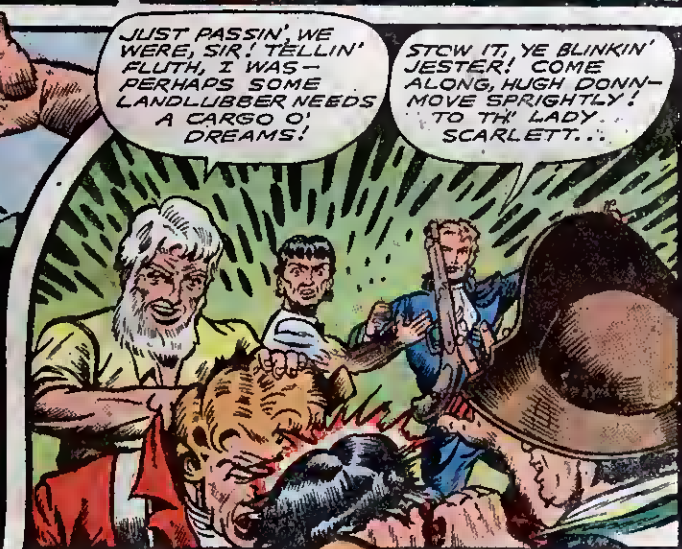


CALEB, OLD
TAR—TH' TIDE
SMITS! YE
COME IN TIME!



JUST PASSIN', WE
WERE, SIR! TELLIN'
FLUTH, I WAS
PERHAPS SOME
LANDLUBBER NEEDS
A CARGO O'
DREAMS!

STOW IT, YE BLINKIN'
JESTER! COME
ALONG, HUGH DONN—
MOVE SPRIGHTLY!
TO TH' LADY.
SCARLETT...



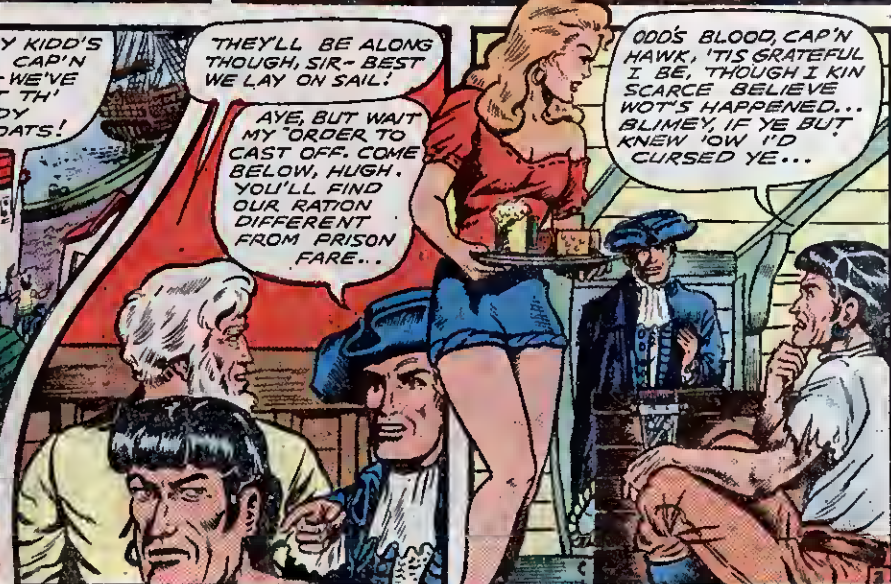
YON'S
TH' SHIP,
SKIPPER!

AN—BY KIDD'S
BONES, CAP'N
HAWK!—WE'VE
LOST TH'
BLOODY
REDCOATS!

THEY'LL BE ALONG
THOUGH, SIR—BEST
WE LAY ON SAIL!

AYE, BUT WAIT
MY ORDER TO
CAST OFF. COME
BELOW, HUGH.
YOU'LL FIND
OUR RATON
DIFFERENT
FROM PRISON
FARE...

ODD'S BLOOD, CAP'N
HAWK, 'TIS GRATEFUL
I BE, THOUGH I KIN
SCARCE BELIEVE
WOT'S HAPPENED...
BLIMEY, IF YE BUT
KNEW 'OW I'D
CURSED YE...



AYE, SIR, A MEMBER O' TH' CONGRESS O' THAT DEVIL RACK, I WAS... SAILED ON TH' DAWN RAIDER O' CAP'N CARR, DEAD THESE PAST MONTHS—REST 'IS SOUL. ONE DAY W'EN WE'D RETURNED FROM A PLUNDER..

A THIRD TO YOUR DAWN RAIDER THIS TIME, CARR—TH' REST GOES 'MONGST TH' CONGRESS!

BUT ME CREW FOUGHT FER THIS LOOT, CAP'N RACK—'ALF AN' 'ALF 'AVE BEEN TH' SHARES A-FORE THIS!



ODD'S BLOOD, I'M IN COMMAND O' THIS LOOT, AN' ME WORDS NOT TO BE QUESTIONED! DRAW, CURSE YE!

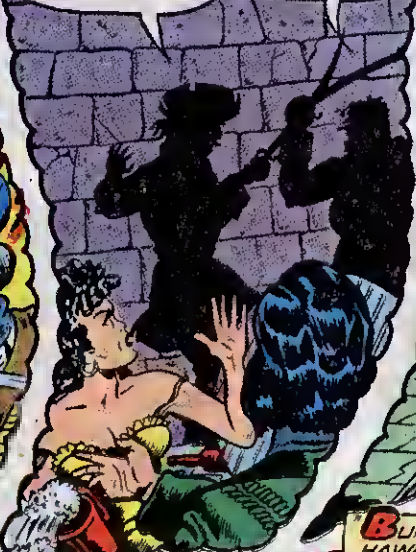
'TIS NO LIKIN' FER THIS, I 'AVE, CAP'N RACK...

BUT—BY KIDD'S BONES!—DEFEND TH' RIGHTS O' ME MATES, I WILL!

YE BILGE RAT—WOT CHANCE D'YE HAVE AGIN' CAP'N RACK?

GOR BLIMEY! E'S RUN TH' SKIPPER THROUGH!

PERCHANCE 'IS GHOST'LL COME TO DEFEND YER RIGHTS, BUCKOES!

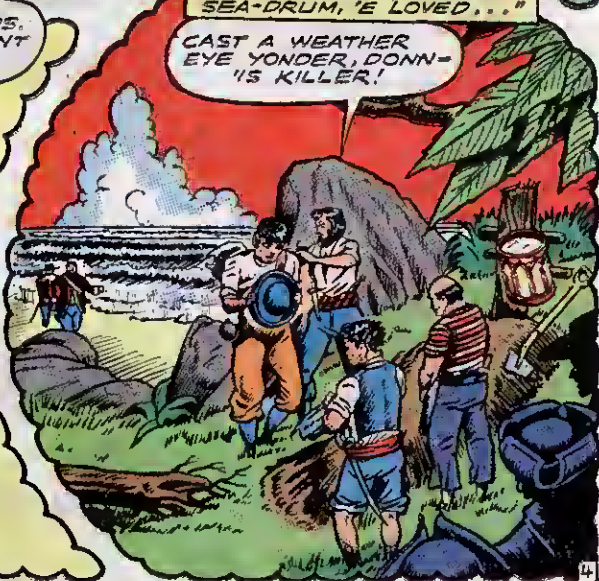


BURY 'IM, WE DID, CAP'N HAWK, 'NEATH AN OLD SEA-DRUM, 'E LOVED...

CAST A WEATHER EYE YONDER, DONN—'IS KILLER!

YER MANGY LOT'LL NOT SEE TH' YEAR DONE, CURSE YOU, RACK! I—I'LL GET YE—IF I 'AVE TO RETURN FROM TH' GRAVE! I—I SWEAR IT! OOOH...

E'S DONE, LADS. COME—A DECENT BURIAL...





LEAVE 'EM
STAY AN'
THEIR
BLADES'D
BE AT
YER BACK,
CAP'N!

TO 'IS TUB, YE MANGY
SWEEPIN'S AN' CAST
OFF! YE KIN RETURN—
AYE, YE KIN RETURN,
WHEN CARR'S GHOST
SOUNDS TH' SEA-DRUM
TO CALL YE!

SCOFF NOT AT
TH' VOW O' A
DYIN' MAN,
CAP'N RACK!

NAY— W'EN 'IS
DRUM SOUNDS
WE'LL BE BACK!
TH' DAWN
RAIDER'LL
BE BACK...

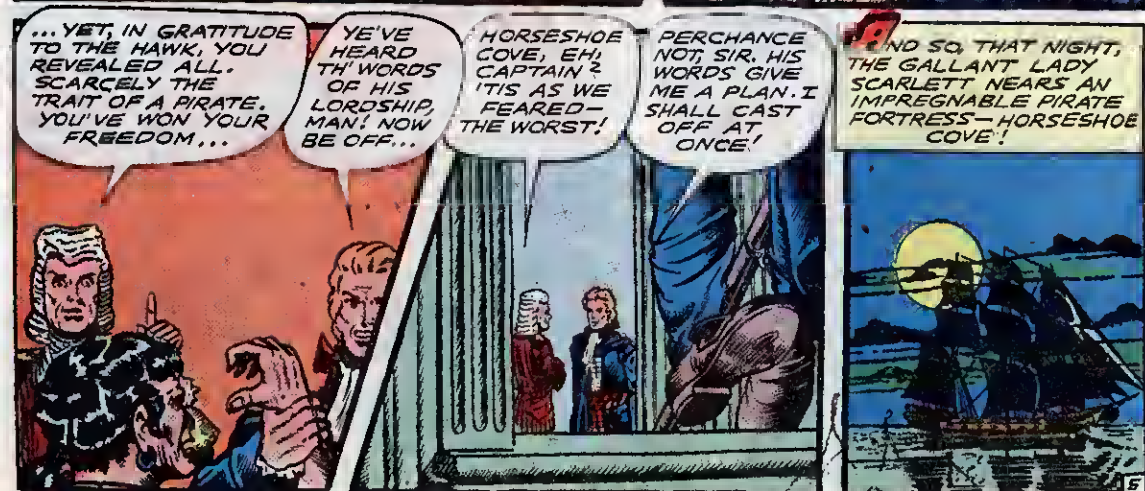


ON WITH IT, HUGH
DONN. SO THAT
DAY YOU WERE
EXPELLED FROM
TH' PIRATE
CONGRESS...

AYE, SIR, THAT DAY
WE SAILED FROM
HORSESHOE COVE
AN'— HARK!
LORD RAMSEY!

SO 'T WAS ALL
A TRICK, HAWK!
A TRICK TO MAKE
ME INFORM O' TH'
HIDEOUT!

HOLD ON, DONN!
IT IS TRUE WE
KNEW YOU'D NOT
TELL UNDER
TORTURE...



...YET, IN GRATITUDE
TO THE HAWK, YOU
REVEALED ALL.
SCARCELY THE
TRAIT OF A PIRATE.
YOU'VE WON YOUR
FREEDOM...

YE'VE
HEARD
TH' WORDS
OF HIS
LORDSHIP,
MAN! NOW
BE OFF...

HORSESHOE
COVE, EH,
CAPTAIN?
'T IS AS WE
FEARED—
THE WORST!

PERCHANCE
NOT, SIR. HIS
WORDS GIVE
ME A PLAN. I
SHALL CAST
OFF AT
ONCE!

NO SO, THAT NIGHT,
THE GALLANT LADY
SCARLETT NEARS AN
IMPREGNABLE PIRATE
FORTRESS— HORSESHOE
COVE!

AS AHEAD...

A YEAR TONIGHT SINCE TH' CAP'N KILLED 'IM, BUCKOES, AN' I KIN YET HEAR CARR'S DYIN' WORDS, "IF I 'AS TO RETURN FROM TH' GRAVE," 'E SAID -

STOW IT- IT'S CAP'N RACK!

CURSE YER COWARDLY HIDE, I WANTS NO MENTION OF CARR'S VOW! YER TO BE WATCHIN' TH' GUNS!

OOOH!

COULD TH' DAWN RAIDER SLIP THROUGH THE PASS YONDER TO AVENGE 'IM? 'TWOULD BE FISH IN A BARREL FER OUR CANNON! I'VE BROUGHT A NEW WATCH NOW-OFF WITH YE!

BLIMEY, TH' WAY 'E SCOFFS AT CARR'S VOW SETS ME SPINE A-TINGLE. WOT-WOT'S GNAWIN' YE, MATE?

LONGBOAT YONDER - BARE MAKE 'ER OUT THRU TH' FOG, YE KIN!

CURSE TH' LUCK - WE'RE SEEN! CALEB!

AYE! HAWK - AN' ODDS AG'IN US THREE TO TWO!

AS, ABOARD THE LADY SCARLETT NEARBY.

WOT IF THOSE BRIGANDS SEE THE SKIPPER, FLUTH?

CATCH A HOLD ON YERSELF, VELVET, LASS!

BUT - BUT - THEY'D SLIT HIS THROAT IN A MINUTE.

COURAGE, LASS. IF TH' SCHEME FAILS, WE'RE ALL DONE FOR ANYWAY.

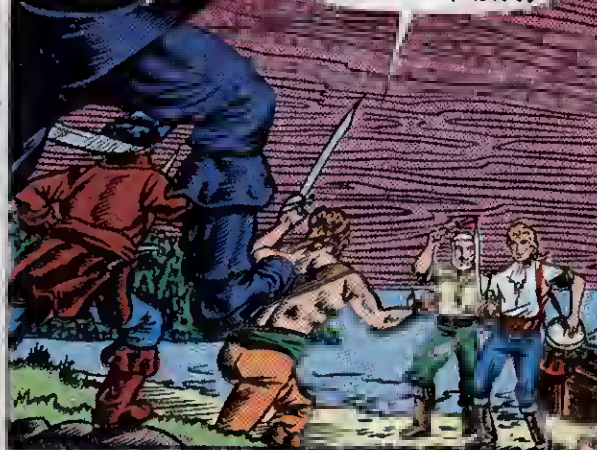
MEANWHILE...

INTO TH' SNOOPIN
BARNACLES, BUCKOES!
WE'LL DRINK THEIR
BLOOD!

METHUSELAH— ME
EYES TELL FALSE!
BUT NO... AHoy—
AHoy AT TH' GUNS!
'TIS TH' HAWK!

QUICKLY, CALEB!
STRIKE QUICKLY,
'FORE THEY ROUSE
TH' REST O' RACK'S
CUTTHROATS!

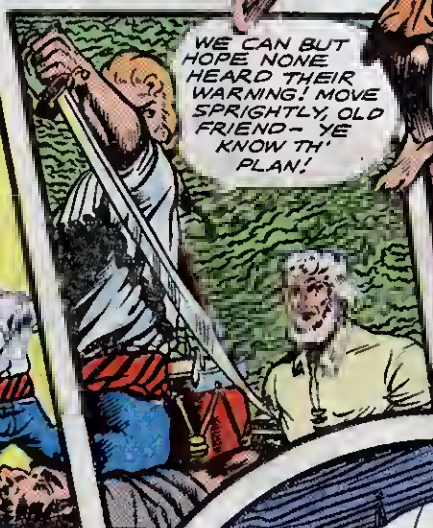
HELP!
HELP—
A-A-A-A...



AS NEARBY...



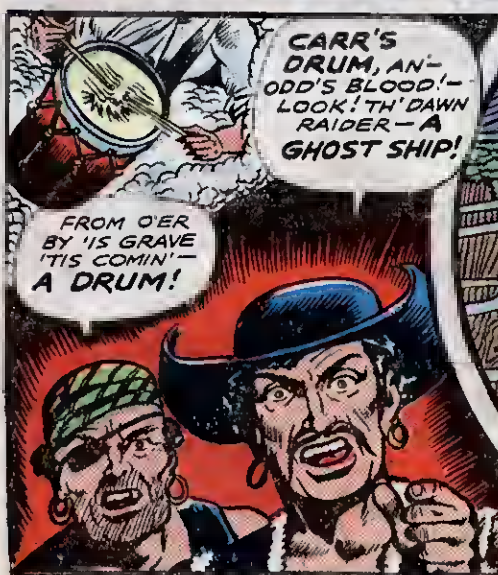
THERE
NOW—
THEY'RE
STILLED!



WE CAN BUT
HOPE NONE
HEARD THEIR
WARNING! MOVE
SPRINTLY, OLD
FRIEND— YE
KNOW TH'
PLAN!

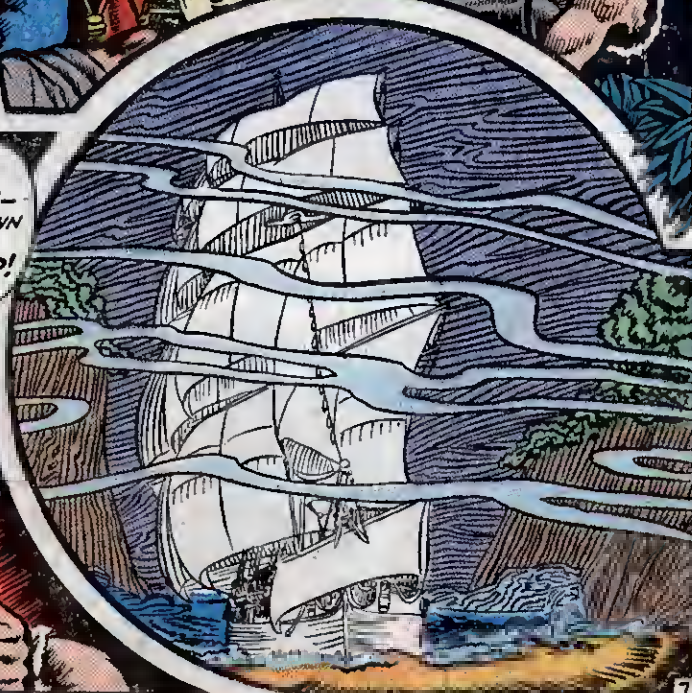
AYE... "WAIT 'IS DRUM TO CALL
YE," RACK SCOFFED, AN'
THEM ABOARD TH' RAIDER,
SED, "W'EN 'IS DRUM SOUNDS,
WE'LL BE BACK... WE'LL
BE BACK!"

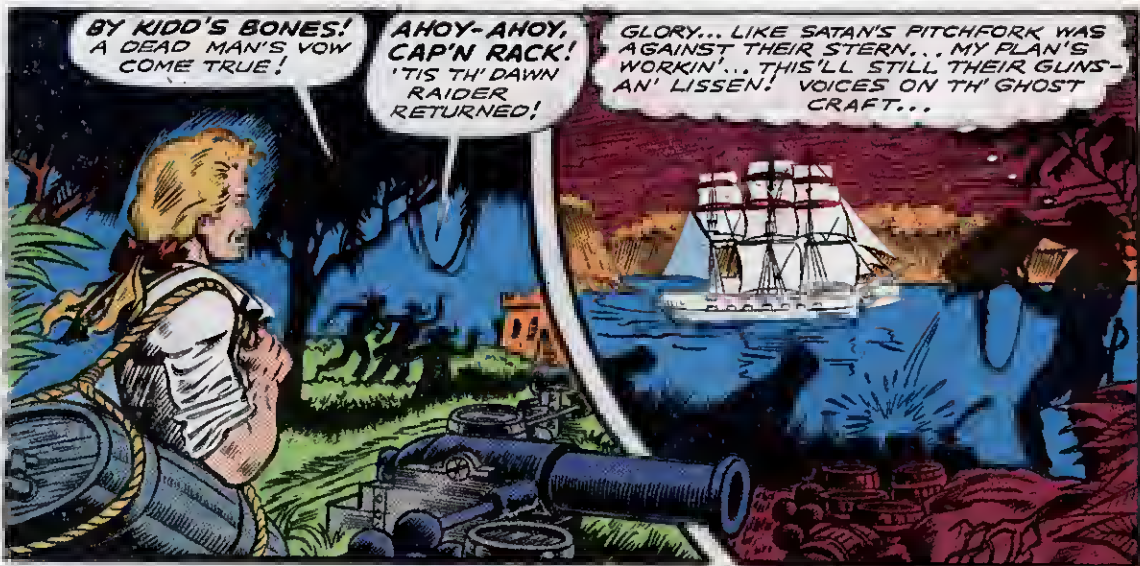
STOW IT, YE
FOOL—LISSEN!



CARR'S
DRUM, AN—
ODD'S BLOOD!—
LOOK! TH' DAWN
RAIDER— A
GHOST SHIP!

FROM O'ER
BY 'IS GRAVE
'TIS COMIN'—
A DRUM!

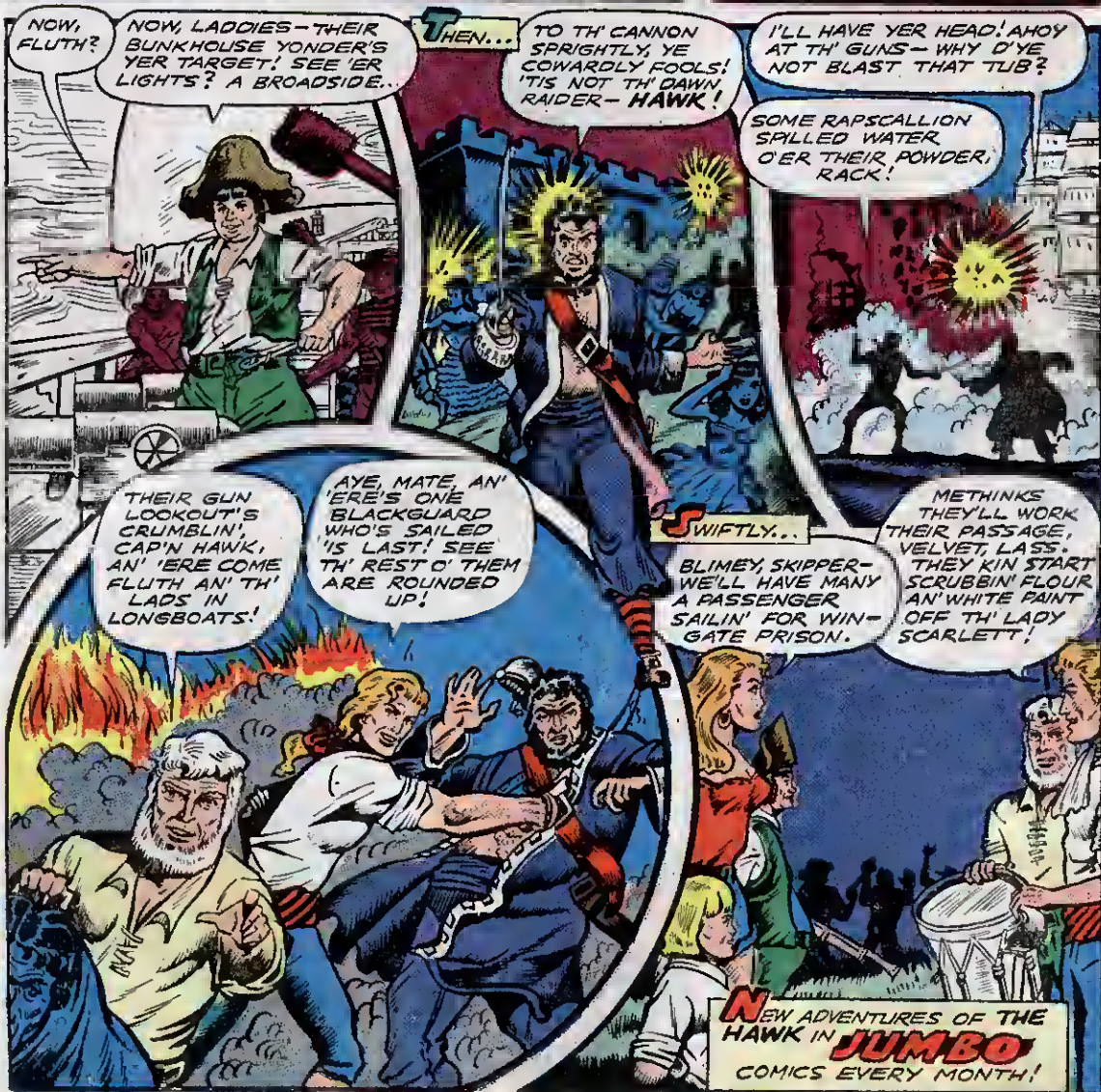




BY KIDD'S BONES!
A DEAD MAN'S VOW
COME TRUE!

AHOY-AHOY,
CAP'N RACK!
'TIS TH' DAWN
RAIDER
RETURNED!

GLORY... LIKE SATAN'S PITCHFORK WAS
AGAINST THEIR STERN... MY PLAN'S
WORKIN'... THIS'LL STILL THEIR GUNS-
AN' LISSEN! VOICES ON TH' GHOST
CRAFT...



NOW,
FLUTH?

NOW, LADDIES- THEIR
BUNKHOUSE YONDER'S
YER TARGET! SEE 'ER
LIGHTS? A BROADSIDE..

THEN...

TO TH' CANNON
SPRIGHTLY, YE
COWARDLY FOOLS!
'TIS NOT TH' DAWN
RAIDER- HAWK!

I'LL HAVE YER HEAD! AHOY
AT TH' GUNS- WHY D'YE
NOT BLAST THAT TUB?

SOME RAPSCALLION
SPILLED WATER
O'ER THEIR POWDER,
RACK!

THEIR GUN
LOOKOUT'S
CRUMBLIN!
CAP'N HAWK,
AN' 'ERE COME
FLUTH AN' TH'
LADS IN
LONGBOATS!

AYE, MATE, AN'
'ERE'S ONE
BLACKGUARD
WHO'S SAILED
'IS LAST! SEE
TH' REST O' THEM
ARE ROUNDED
UP!

SWIFTLY...

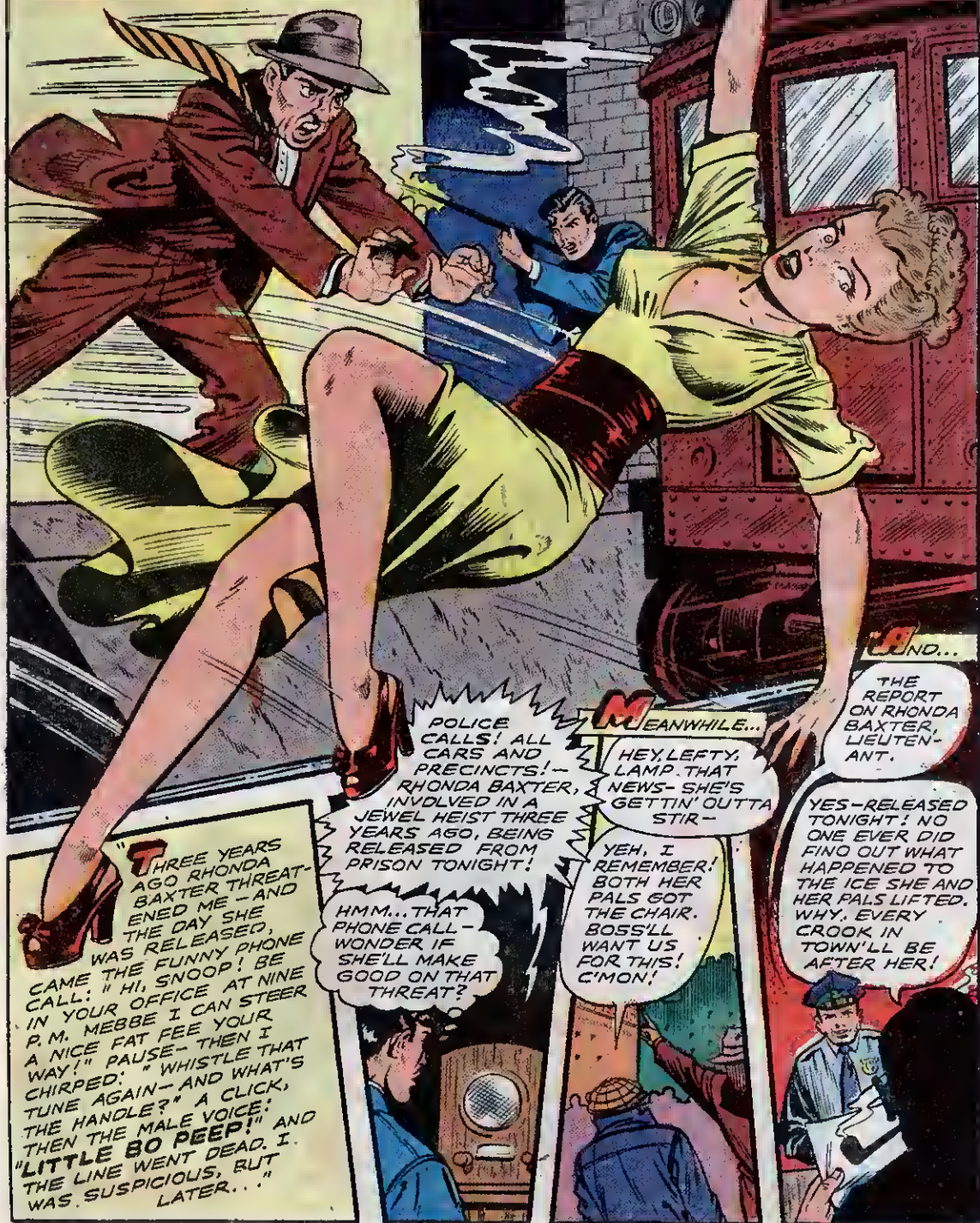
BLIMEY, SKIPPER-
WE'LL HAVE MANY
A PASSENGER
SAILIN' FOR WIN-
GATE PRISON.

METHINKS
THEY'LL WORK
THEIR PASSAGE,
VELVET, LASS.
THEY KIN START
SCRUBBIN' FLOUR
AN' WHITE PAINT
OFF TH' LADY
SCARLETT!

NEW ADVENTURES OF THE
HAWK IN **JUMBO**
COMICS EVERY MONTH!

ZX-5

BY
MAJOR
THORPE



THREE YEARS AGO RHONDA BAXTER THREATENED ME - AND THE DAY SHE WAS RELEASED, CAME THE FUNNY PHONE CALL: "HI, SNOOP! BE IN YOUR OFFICE AT NINE P.M. MEBBE I CAN STEER A NICE FAT FEE YOUR WAY!" PAUSE - THEN I WHISTLE THAT CHIRPED: "AND WHAT'S TUNE AGAIN?" A CLICK, THE HANDLE?" A CLICK, THEN THE MALE VOICE: "LITTLE BO PEEP!" AND THE LINE WENT DEAD. I WAS SUSPICIOUS, BUT LATER...

HMM... THAT PHONE CALL - WONDER IF SHE'LL MAKE GOOD ON THAT THREAT?

POLICE CALLS! ALL CARS AND PRECINCTS! - RHONDA BAXTER, INVOLVED IN A JEWEL HEIST THREE YEARS AGO, BEING RELEASED FROM PRISON TONIGHT!

MEANWHILE...
HEY LEFTY, LAMP. THAT NEWS- SHE'S GETTIN' OUTTA STIR -

YEH, I REMEMBER! BOTH HER PALS GOT THE CHAIR. BOSS'LL WANT US FOR THIS! C'MON!

UND...
THE REPORT ON RHONDA BAXTER, LIEUTENANT.

YES - RELEASED TONIGHT! NO ONE EVER DID FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ICE SHE AND HER PALS LIFTED. WHY, EVERY CROOK IN TOWN'LL BE AFTER HER!

LATER...

WHATTAY'KNOW! THE BAXTER DAME FREE— MAYBE I'LL HAVE A CHIN WITH THE BOSS... OH— HERE, YA BUM— WHY DON'T YOU GET BY A SUBWAY?

TH— THANK YOU, SIR!

CHEAP MUG! ONLY A NEWSPAPER! BUT MAYBE I'LL TAKE HIS ADVICE, LATER! MENTIONED RHONDA BAXTER— EVERYONE'S INTERESTED IN HER... I WONDER... HMM...

AND AT THE CITY PRISON DOCTOR'S OFFICE...

PHYSICALLY PERFECT, RHONDA BAXTER— STAY THAT WAY, NOW THAT YOU'RE FREE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DOCTOR RIGNEY?

Blad's
MYSTERY STILL SURRO
MISSING GEMS—
DOES RHONDA BA
KNOW?

I MEAN BEING SOLE HEIR TO THOSE HIDDEN GEMS, ISN'T EXACTLY HEALTHY. BUT GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK!

THANKS— BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOURS TRULY, DOC! SO LONG!

AT EXACTLY NINE P.M., A BIG BLACK CAR STOPPED OUTSIDE MY OFFICE— AND A FLURTY-LOOKING BOZO MADE A BEE-LINE FOR THE BUILDING...

HO-HUM— AN-OTHER JOB! WONDER WHAT THE BOSS HAS UP HIS SLEEVE?

HE DUSTED MY OFFICE DOOR SHARPLY WITH HIS RIGHT HOOK...

FUNNY SET-UP! HAD ME ARRANGE THIS— THEN HE SHOVED OUT ON A MYSTERIOUS PROWL!

OPEN UP! I'VE AN APPOINTMENT!

DOOR'S OPEN! WHO IS IT?

ZX-5
PRIVA
INVEST

LITTLE BO PEEP! SLEEP TIGHT, GUM-SHOE!

SOON...

ALL RIGHT, SLEEPER—GET THAT STUFF READY. I'LL BE RIGHT IN! LEFTY, TELL THAT KILLER, BO PEEP, TO COME IN! HE'S BACK.

RIGHT, BOSS!

OKAY, BO PEEP, ANKLE IN. TH' BOSS WANTS TO SEE YA! DID YA BUMP ZX?

SCRAM, BUM! YA WANT ME, BOSS? HUH?

YES, GOOD JOB, BO PEEP! I NEED A MAN LIKE YOU STEADY, SEE? AND I'M GOIN' TO LET YOU IN ON SOMETHIN' BIG. REMEMBER, RHONDA BAXTER?

YEAH—WHAT ABOUT 'ER?

WELL, MEET HER! SHE'S GOING TO TELL US WHERE THOSE GEMS ARE—AREN'T YOU, DEAR?

WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S THAT?

TRUTH SERUM! ONE SHOT OF THIS AND YOU'LL TELL POPPA WHERE THOSE JEWELS ARE!

C'MON, SISTER, GIVE! I'M TIRED O' FOOLING WITH YOU!

OH—NO! HELP ME, SOMEBODY! PLEASE HELP ME!

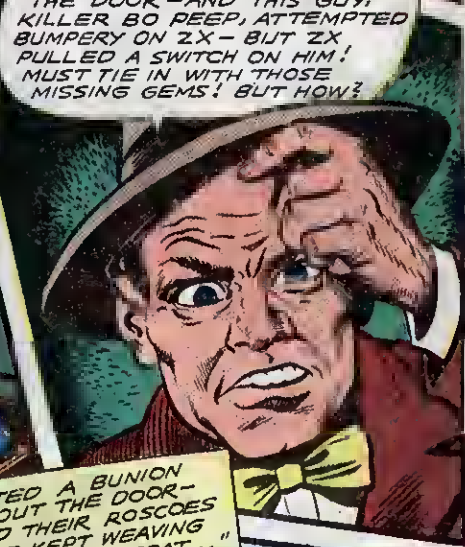
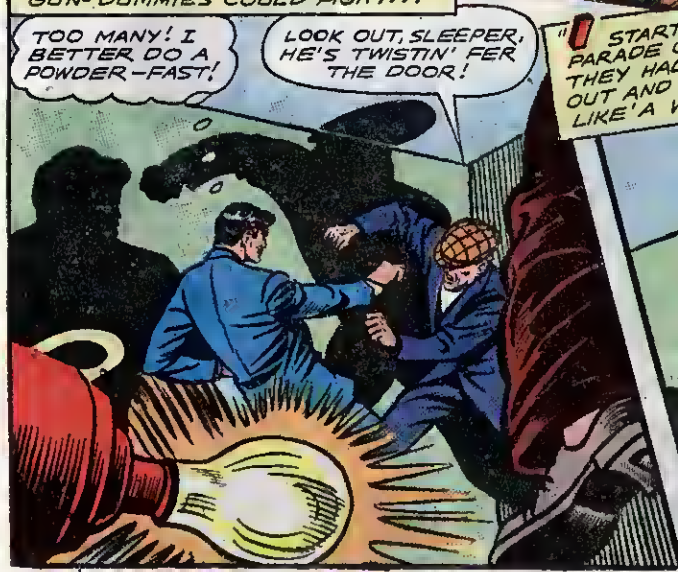
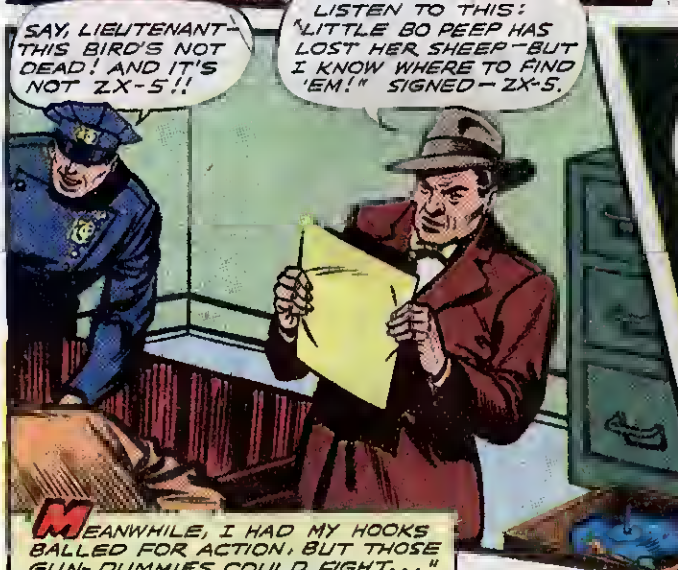
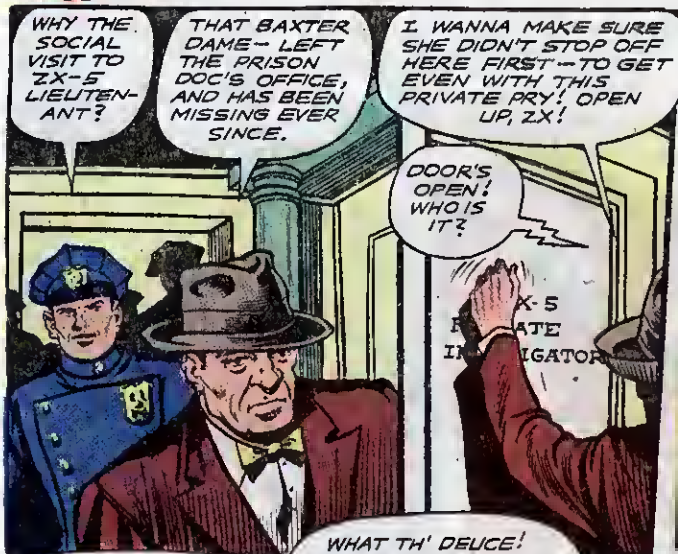
"THE BAXTER MUFFIN'S VOICE SOUNDED LIKE SHE MIGHT BE LEVEL. SUDDENLY, I CUT THE FALSE-FACE ACT..."

MY ONLY CHANCE—THE LIGHT...

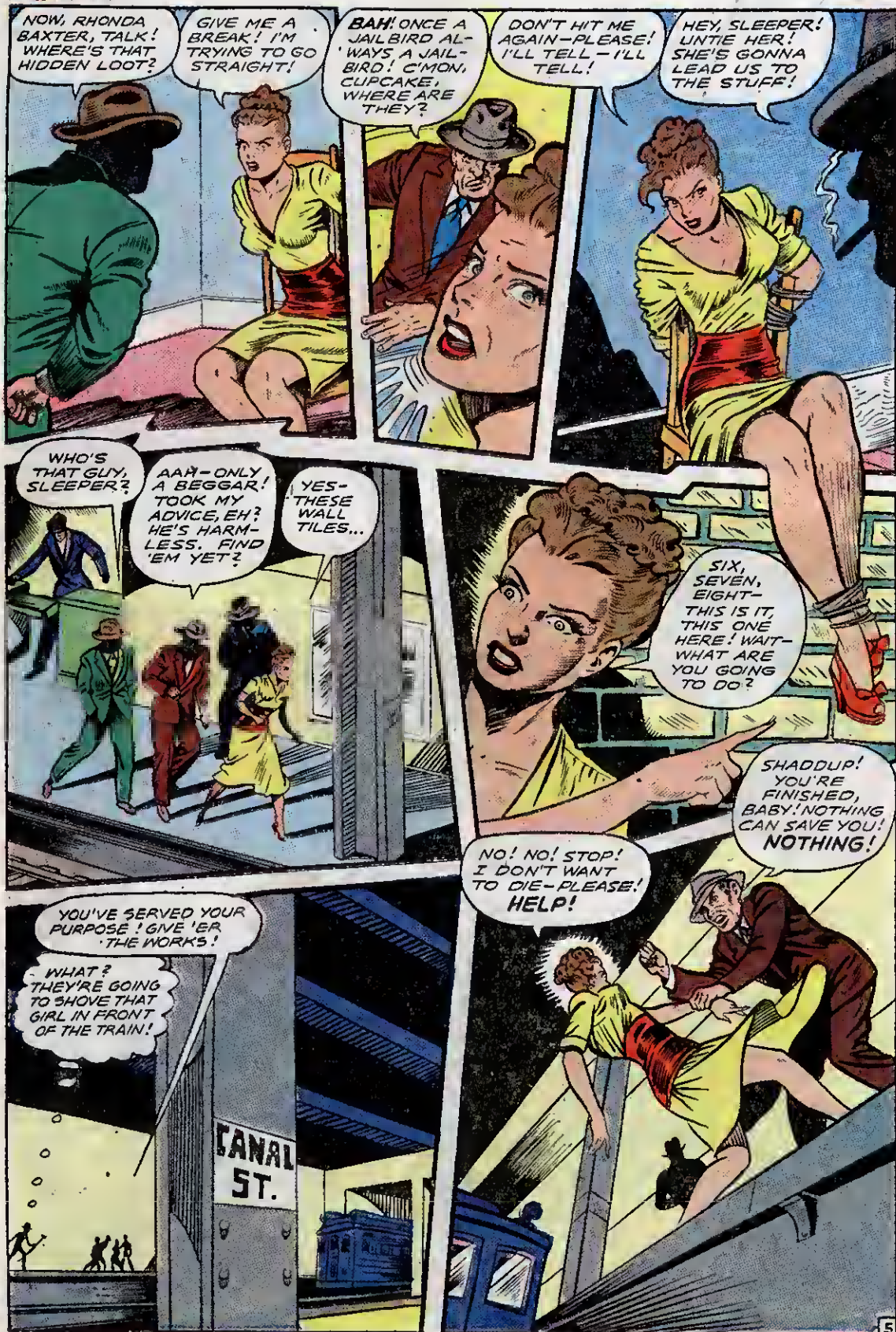
DROP THAT STICKER, YOU SLAB-SIDED TOAD!

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT BO PEEP! HEY, BOYS!

MEANWHILE...



LATER...



"THE JIG WAS UP, IT WAS NOW OR NEVER! I DROPPED THE FALSE WHISKER ACT, AND LEVELED MY TRUSTY CANE..."

CLIMB BACK ABOARD, HONEY! SOMEONE ELSE IS GOING TO DIVE!

I'M HIT! FALLING!

NO! THE TRAIN WHEELS WILL CRUSH ME—AAAAHH!

"RIGNEY WAS ABOUT TO LOSE HIS JOB AND LICENSE. HE GOT WIND OF THE RHONDA BAXTER LEGEND—THAT IS, HIDDEN LOOT—AND DECIDED TO CUT HIMSELF IN. BUT, INSTEAD, HE CUT HIMSELF A LONG SENTENCE... WHERE? ODD, ISN'T IT? STATE PRISON—ONLY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARS! SOON..."

"THE TRAIN GROUND TO A STOP—BUT TOO LATE! I WHIRLED, AND GAVE THIS BOZO THE SNEERING FOCUS..."

DOCTOR RIGNEY, OF STATE PRISON, I PRESUME! GET MOVING!

IT'S ALL OVER, BUT WHERE ARE THE JEWELS? WE NEVER DID LOCATE THEM.

I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW! RIGNEY TOOK THEM FROM THE HIDING PLACE. I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM!

THESE GEMS—I'M GOING TO TURN THEM IN, AND THE INSURANCE COMPANY'S REWARD WILL GIVE YOU A NEW START IN LIFE, RHONDA! YOU'VE PAID YOUR PRICE!

"ABOUT AN HOUR AFTER SHE LEFT THE LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE, SHE HURRIED ALONG THE STREET..."

RHONDA BAXTER?

W-WHY, YES! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

PRETTY SLICK SWITCH ON THE BEGGAR RACKET, ZX, YOU OLD DEAR!

"SO SANTA DID HIS GOOD DEED AGAIN—FOR FREE! BUT IT WAS WORTH IT!"

ZX-5 IN EVERY ISSUE OF JUMBO Comics!

SKY GIRL

BY
BILL
GIBSON

CRUNCHY

CORN



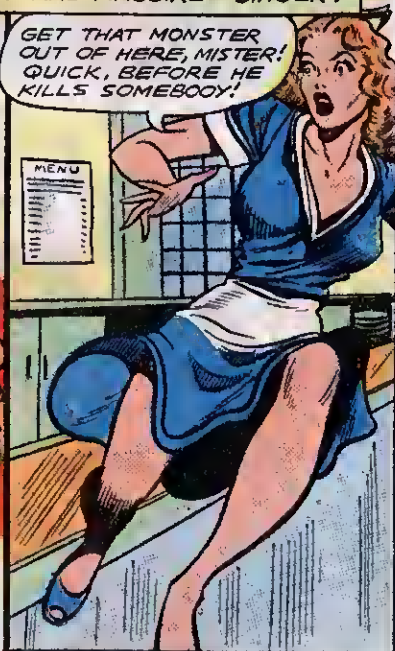
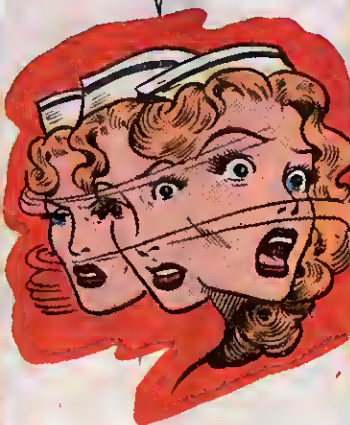
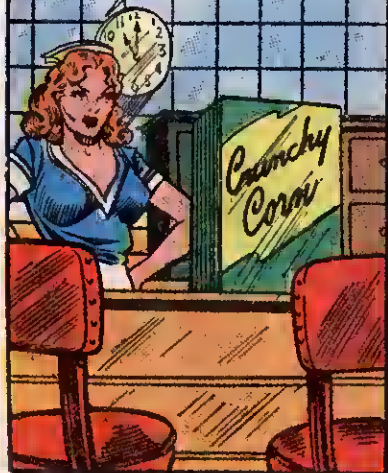
CRUNCHY
CORN
FOR THE
STRENGTH
OF A
CAVEMAN.

YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T TRIED CRUNCHY CORN? WELL, YOU PROBABLY WON'T, AT LEAST NOT IN A CERTAIN AIRPORT CAFETERIA WHERE MAN-MAD MAGUIRE-GINGER, (IF SHE HAD A FRIEND)—WORKS AS A WAITRESS...

EACH ONE A PRIZE PACKAGE. SURE, THE CUTEST LITTLE CASE OF PTOMAINE POISONING EVER...

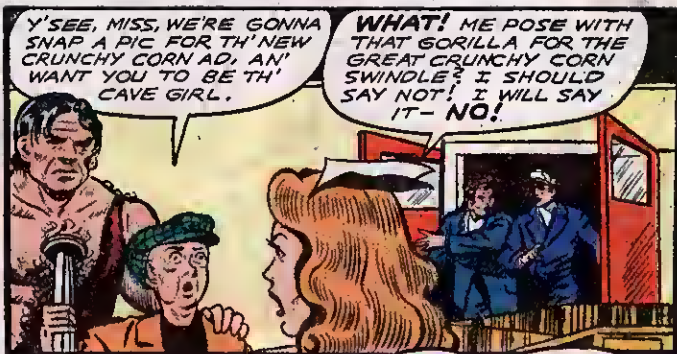
TO THINK THE BOSS WANTS ME TO LAOLE THAT STUFF OFF ON THE POOR UNSUSPECTING — SAY! 'WHAT TH—! WHO TH—! I'M SEEING THINGS!'

GET THAT MONSTER OUT OF HERE, MISTER! QUICK, BEFORE HE KILLS SOMEBODY!





RELAX, WILL YUH, MISS MAGUIRE?
THIS IS TIM, TH' TIMID CAVE MAN.
HE'S SCARED OF GIRLS, TH' DARK,
AND PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING,
AIN'TCHA, TIM? SPEAK UP, NO-
BODY'S GONNA BITE YUH!

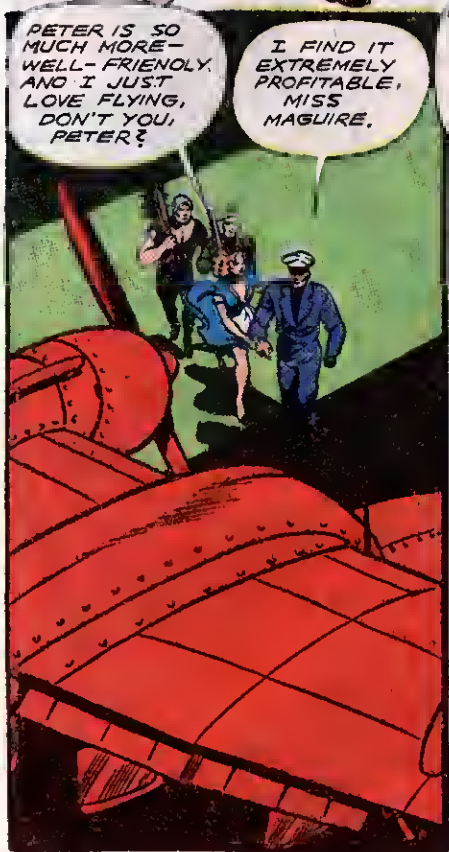


Y'SEE, MISS, WE'RE GONNA
SNAP A PIC FOR TH' NEW
CRUNCHY CORN AD, AN'
WANT YOU TO BE TH'
CAVE GIRL.

WHAT! HE POSE WITH
THAT GORILLA FOR THE
GREAT CRUNCHY CORN
SWINDLE? I SHOULD
SAY NOT! I WILL SAY
IT- NO!

YES! THEY'RE CHARTER-
ING OUR PLANE TO TAKE
MODEL AND PHOTOGRAPHER
TO LOCATION! IT'S WAITING
AND SO IS THE PILOT,
PETER P. PROFILE.

GLAD TO KNOW YOU,
GEE, DID I SAY NO,
BOSS? REALLY, I
THINK CRUNCHY
CORN IS- WELL-
CRUNCHY! AND
I WOULDN'T
THINK OF KEEP-
ING MR. PROFILE
WAITING.



PETER IS SO
MUCH MORE-
WELL-FRIENDLY,
AND I JUST
LOVE FLYING,
DON'T YOU,
PETER?

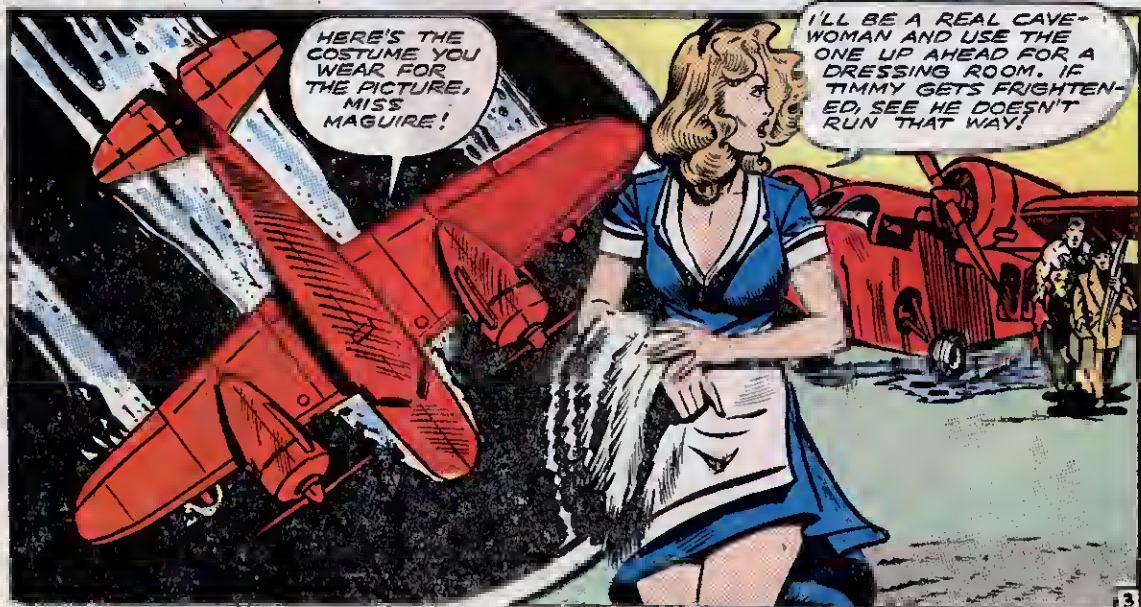
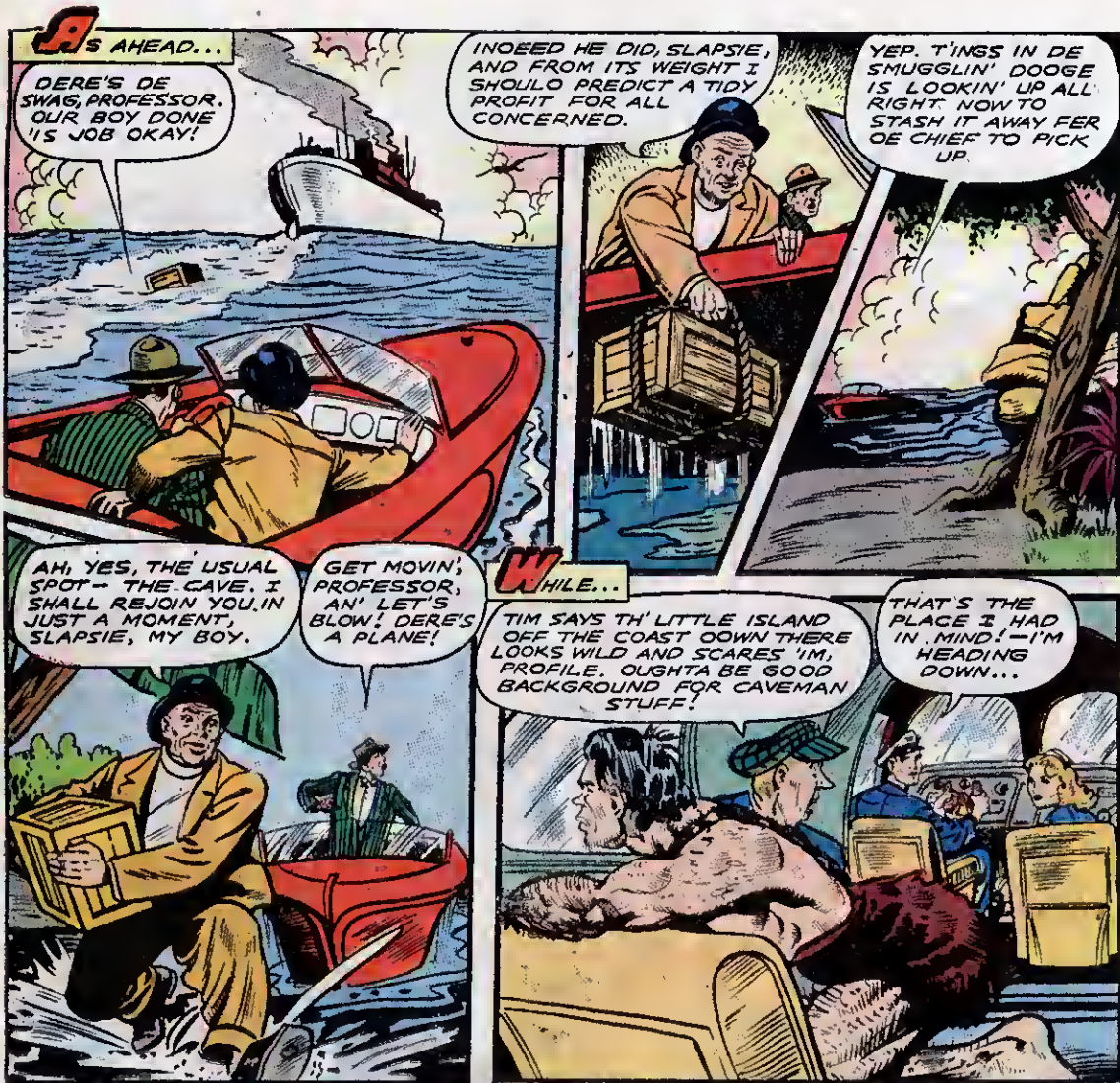
I FIND IT
EXTREMELY
PROFITABLE,
MISS
MAGUIRE.

CALL ME GINGER,
PETER: I MEAN
I JUST LOVE
FLYING UP HERE
WITH- I MEAN
UP FRONT HERE.
YOU DON'T
MIND?

NO, I
DON'T
MIND-
(ER)-
GINGER!



GOLLY! HE
DOESN'T MIND...
HE LIKES ME...
AT LAST OL'
GINGE HAS GOT
A GUY... AND
WHAT A GUY!



GEE, ROUGH GOING,
BUT WORTH IT TO
WOW PETER P. PROFILE
WITH THIS EARLY-DAY
SARONG. AND WHEN
HOLLYWOOD SEES IT—
LOOK OUT, LAMOUR.

YES, PETER, OF COURSE I COULD GET MY
HUSBAND A SCREEN TEST... GEE—THIS
IS A SPOOKY PLACE... PROBABLY NOBODY
HERE IN YEARS—A MILLION MAYBE...

AND WHEN GINGER
THINKS OF A MILLION...
WELL, PETER DID
SAY HE FINDS FLYING
VERY PROFITABLE...
I CAN GIVE UP MY
FILM CAREER—**SAY!**
CAVEMEN DIDN'T
MAKE BOXES LIKE
THAT, I DON'T THINK!

JEEPERS! JEWELS-
JEWELRY! I'LL BET
IT'S—IT'S SMUGGLERS'
LOOT! THAT'S WHAT IT
IS, OLD GUMSHOE
MAGUIRE!

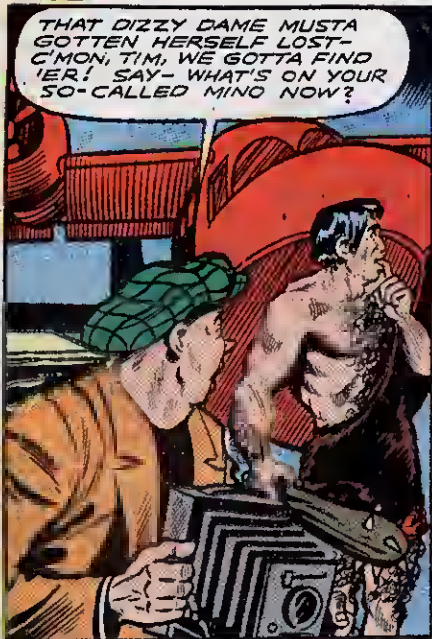
PETER! PETER,
DARLING—COME
QUICK! SMUGGLERS'
LOOT— IN THE
CAVE HERE!

STAY CLOSE TO ME,
PETER—MAYBE THE
SMUGGLERS WILL
COME BACK! WE'LL
GET A REWARD, AND—

YOU'LL GET THE
REWARD, GINGER.
LISTEN— WHAT
WAS THAT
BEHIND YOU?

I DON'T SEE
ANYBODY,
PETER! I—I-
OOOH!

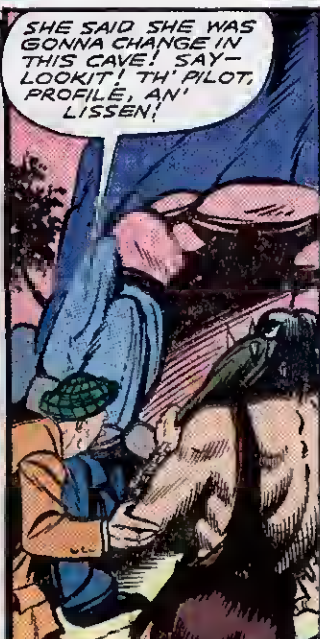
WHILE...



THAT DIZZY DAME MUSTA
GOTTEN HERSELF LOST-
C'MON, TIM, WE GOTTA FIND
'ER! SAY- WHAT'S ON YOUR
SO-CALLED MINO NOW?



WHAT! YOU'RE SCAREO OF
THIS PLACE 'CAUSE OF
BUGS AN' THINGS! DON'T
BE A SISSY, YOU SISSY!
C'MON!



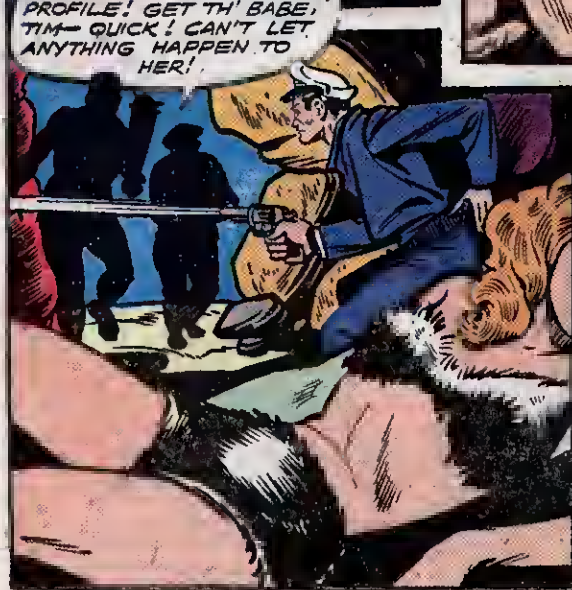
SHE SAID SHE WAS
GONNA CHANGE IN
THIS CAVE! SAY-
LOOKIT! TH' PILOT,
PROFILE, AN'
LISSSEN!



TOO BAD YOU STUMBLED ONTO
MY SMUGGLING SET-UP, CUTIE.
NOW IT'S CURTAINS! O-OH!
WHAT WAS THAT?



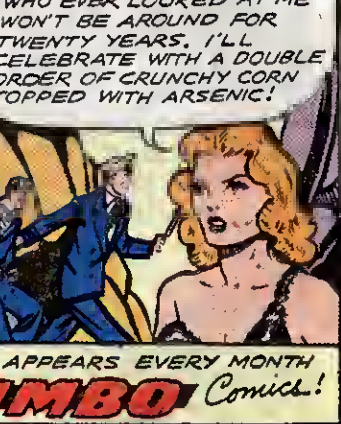
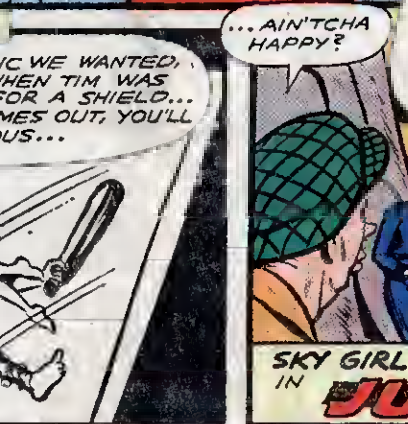
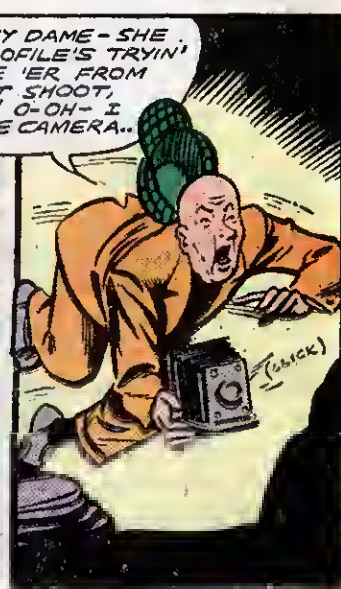
YOU- A SMUGGLER, PROFILE?
WHO YUH KIDDIN'? HEY, THEM
JEWELS! HE AIN'T KIDDIN'-
TH' BABE'S OUT COLO, AN'
HE'S GOT A GUN!



WAIT'LL WE GET TH' PIC,
PROFILE! GET TH' BABE,
TIM- QUICK! CAN'T LET
ANYTHING HAPPEN TO
HER!



HOLY SMOKES, AT LAST
TH' CAVE MAN'S SHOWIN'
SOME SPUNK! BUT HEY -
WRONG AGAIN! TH' BIG
LUG'S USIN' 'ER FOR A
SHIELD! I BETTER
DUCK!



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CORNERED

By HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

ON the 9th of September, 1814, the American privateer *General Armstrong* sailed from New York. She was a smart little brig, carrying seven guns and about one hundred men, commanded by Captain Samuel Chester Reid, who had served in Truxtun's West India squadron, and who had made her famous as perhaps the fastest, most dashing privateer afloat.

After a couple of weeks' cruise (in which a few vessels had been boarded, a British ship of the line eluded, and a big brig skirmished with) Captain Reid put into harbor at Fayal on the 26th to replenish his stock of water.

He called on the American consul and arranged to have his water sent off immediately, as he intended to put to sea again next morning.

Having finished his business, he returned to his vessel, the consul accompanying him. Reid tried to get some information about the British cruisers in that neighborhood, but the consul assured him that none had touched Fayal for several weeks.

They sat on deck talking. The captain kept a seaman's eye open in spite of the conversation; toward dusk he suddenly gave an exclamation. All the party looked up. Rounding the northeast point was a British brig, already within gunshot. In a few moments she was identified as the *Carnation*, of eighteen guns.

This was more than double the *General Armstrong's* strength, and Reid's first thought was to get under way immediately. The enemy had a breeze, however, while there was hardly any wind farther in; it looked as if it were impossible to get to sea without fighting against odds and at a disadvantage.

"Will they respect the neutrality of the port?" he asked the consul. (Fayal, of course, was Portuguese territory.)

The latter reassured him on this point. "They'll never molest you while at anchor," said he.

Captain Red, however, kept a sharp watch on the approaching brig. He saw the pilot-boat board her, and saw that as soon as her captain learned who the stranger was, he hauled her close in and dropped anchor within pistol-shot of the American.

This was too close for comfort, but Captain Reid could do nothing save wait for events. His feelings may be imagined, however, when he looked up, just as the *Carnation* had swung into position, and saw two more British war-ships standing in to the harbor. One was a seventy-four-gun ship of the line, the *Plantagenet*; the other the frigate *Rota*, of forty-four guns. The three formed a squadron on its way to assist in the attack on New Orleans.

Its one hundred and thirty-six guns and two thousand men made the *General Armstrong's* crew feel somewhat lonely.

Nor did the neutrality of Fayal seem too much of a safeguard as they observed the signals between the *Carnation* and the flagship, and the activity that followed.

The full moon had just risen, and by its brilliant light the English brig could be plainly seen launching several boats.

Reid cleared for action, hoisted his anchor, and with long oars swept his vessel in nearer the shore.

At once the *Carnation* cut her cable, made sail, and despatched four boats in pursuit.

It was now about eight o'clock. Seeing the small boats coming, the American dropped anchor, set springs on his cable (so he could swing his broadside in any direction), and got ready for whatever might develop.

The boats drew near. Captain Reid hailed them repeatedly. There was no reply but they came on faster than ever. The former had no intention, however, of being gobbled up in this simple fashion. There were guns enough in the squadron, several times over, to blow the little privateer out of the water. But the

cool impudence of this assault aroused him. There were about as many men in the four boats as the *Armstrong* had altogether, and he could see they were well armed.

As they swung up alongside, he opened fire. The boats returned the compliment briskly. They had found more than they bargained for, however, and after a short skirmish they raised a cry for quarter, hauled off, and returned to the *Carnation*, having lost about twenty killed and wounded. One man was killed and the first lieutenant wounded on the *Armstrong*.

It was quite clear that this was only "the beginning of the overture." The *Armstrong* was hauled close inshore, within a half pistol-shot of the Portuguese castle; here she was moored head and stern, while everything was made ready to give the warmest possible reception to the enemy.

It was a dramatic scene. One little vessel anchored immovably there under the brilliant moon, its "back to the wall," so to speak, against a squadron; officers and men preparing feverishly for the attack they knew must follow; and all about the shore the inhabitants of the town, including the Governor, watching for the event like spectators at a circus.

About nine o'clock the *Carnation* towed in a large fleet of boats. These were stationed in three divisions, about a musket-shot away, the brig co-operating to cut off any attempt at escape.

Reid had no thought of escape. The whole affair was desperate to absurdity, but he had made up his mind not to abandon his vessel till he had given his foe some definite reasons for respecting the flag he flew.

For three hours his men stood at quarters. Then, about midnight, a dozen boats approached in line. They were loaded with about forty men each and had carronades aboard.

When they were close enough, the American gave them a broadside, which was answered warmly. The discharge from the *Armstrong's* forty-two-pounder Long Tom somewhat disconcerted the cutting-out party; but

they were true, gallant British tars: giving three cheers, they dashed forward most spiritedly.

In a moment they were at the bow and starboard quarter.

"Board!" cried the officers. "And no quarter," was the added command, according to spectators on shore.

There was no more to be done with cannon. As the boarding-parties swarmed up to the rail, the crew attacked with swords, pikes, pistols, and muskets. There was fierce hand-to-hand struggle—stab and slash and chop and fire with whatever came handiest. The darky cook "did his bit" by dashing kettles of boiling water into the faces of the boarders. The British force was, as stated, nearly five times that on board the brig, and urged on by their officers, they made one effort after another to gain the vessel's deck—only to be beaten back with heavy loss.

After about twenty minutes of savage fighting. Captain Reid at the stern received word that his second lieutenant was killed forward. Shortly afterward the third lieutenant was badly wounded.

Noticing that the fire from the forecastle had slackened in consequence, he urged his lads in the after division to fresh efforts. The boats were beaten off from the quarters; and rallying the whole detachment, the captain led them forward with a shout to the conflict at the bow.

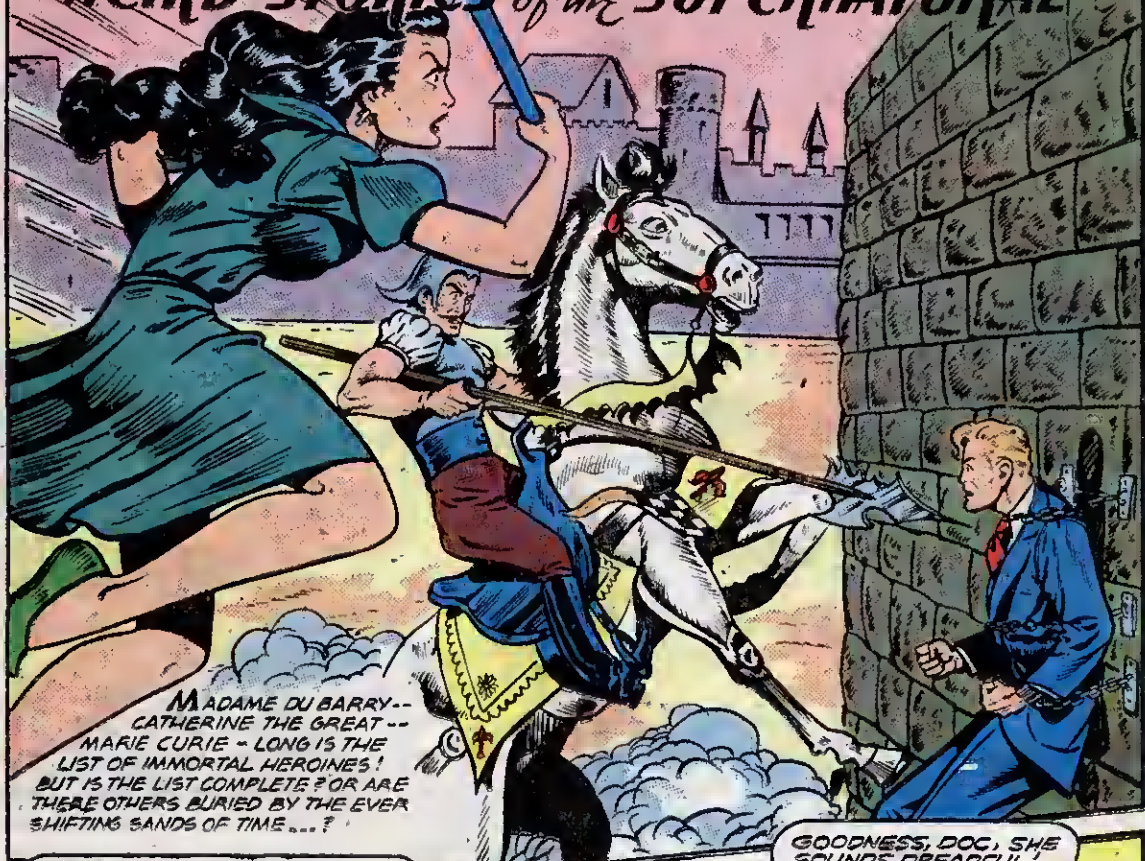
In ten minutes more all was over. Two of the captured boats were "loaded with their own dead"; in another, all were killed but four men; three were sunk; only one wounded officer survived from a boat that had held fifty. In a word, the squadron had lost over two hundred and fifty of its best officers and men, killed or wounded, Captain Floyd being among the latter. The privateer had two killed and seven wounded.

An Englishman who witnessed this attack from the shore wrote home a description of it, winding up: "We may well say 'God deliver us from our enemies' if this is the way the Americans fight."

Stuart **TAYLOR** in

BY CURT DAVIS

WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL



MADAME DU BARRY--
CATHERINE THE GREAT--
MARIE CURIE--LONG IS THE
LIST OF IMMORTAL HEROINES!
BUT IS THE LIST COMPLETE? OR ARE
THERE OTHERS BURIED BY THE EVER
SHIFTING SANDS OF TIME...?

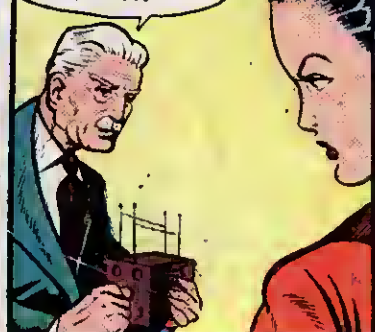
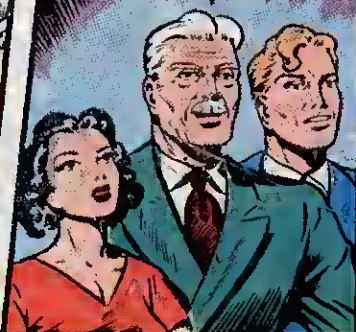
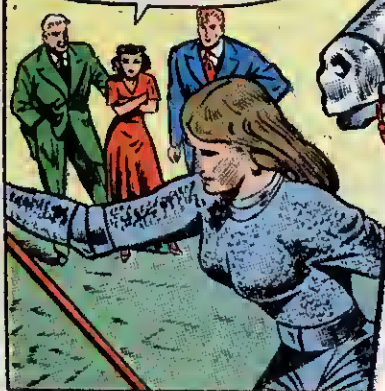
-LAURA, ISN'T THAT A STATUE
OF JOAN OF ARC?

YES IT IS, STU! SHE
CERTAINLY MUST HAVE
BEEN A COURAGEOUS
GIRL!

YOU KNOW, THERE
WAS ANOTHER
COURAGEOUS FRENCH
GIRL WHO WE'VE
ALMOST FORGOTTEN.
HAVE EITHER OF YOU
EVER HEARD OF
"HATCHET" JEANNE?

GOODNESS, DOC, SHE
SOUNDS DREADFUL.

DREADFUL, EH?
WHY DON'T WE SET
THE TIME MACHINE
BACK TO 1472 AND
HAVE A LOOK AT
HER? I'M INTERESTED
TO KNOW IF STU
WILL AGREE WITH
YOU...



BELOW US IS THE
WALLED CITY OF
BEALVAIS. - AH! -
THERE'S JEANNE
SELLING FLOWERS
AS USUAL...

WOW! SO THAT'S
"HATCHET" JEANNE!
BUT WHO'S THE
GENT WITH HER,
IN THE SOLDIER'S
GET-UP?

COLIN PILON,
HER LOVER!
LAURA, WHY
DON'T YOU GO
OVER AND BUY
SOME
FLOWERS?

YOU
LOOK
SAD,
JEANNE.
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER?

'TIS ALWAYS SAD
WHEN A MAN AND
MAID ARE TOO
POOR TO MARRY!
BUT HARK - 'TIS
THE TOWN CRIER!

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! -
THE LEGIONS OF THE
BLOODY DUKE OF
BURGUNDY AWAIT
OUTSIDE OUR GATES!
CITIZENS OF BEALVAIS -
MAN THE RAMPARTS!

MEANWHILE, IN THE TENT OF THE
DUKE OF BURGUNDY...

VERY WELL, SIRE, I AM YOUR
PRISONER! BUT I REFUSE
TO TELL YOU THE NUMBER
OF MEN-AT-ARMS WHO
AWAIT YOUR ATTACK!

AH! - YOU TOWNS-
MEN OF BEALVAIS
ARE VERY BRAVE...

- AND ALSO VERY STUPID! -
TAKE THIS SCUM TO THE RACK,
AND LET THE WRENCHING
WHEEL TEAR THE COURAGE
FROM HIM! PAGE BOY, BRING
MY MOUNT!

- WHILE YOU ARE SOFTENING
THAT INSOLENT BEGGAR, I
HAVE ANOTHER SCHEME! IF
ONLY IT WILL WORK, THE CITY
OF BEALVAIS WILL BE MINE
WITHOUT THE FIRING OF A
SINGLE ARROW!

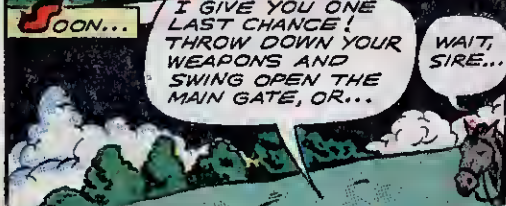


"THE BLOODY DUKE!"
COME, STRANGER!
EVERY MAN WILL BE
NEEDED AT THE
RAMPARTS!

SURE,
FELLA,
BE RIGHT
WITH
YOU...



WE MUST ALSO GO!-
FOR YOU WILL SEE
THAT THERE IS WORK
FOR ALL IF WE'RE
TO HALT THE DUKE
OF BURGUNDY!



SOON...

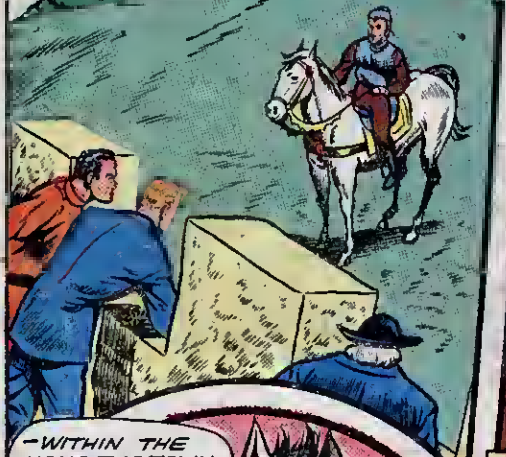
I GIVE YOU ONE
LAST CHANCE!
THROW DOWN YOUR
WEAPONS AND
SWING OPEN THE
MAIN GATE, OR...

WAIT,
SIRE...

THE RACK
HAS DONE ITS
WORK!- THE
TOWNSMAN
SAYS THERE
ARE BUT THREE
HUNDRED MEN-
AT-ARMS WITHIN
THE WALLS!

HA! A
PALTRY THREE
HUNDRED!
THAT'S ALL
I NEED TO
KNOW! COME,
I'LL WASTE
NO FURTHER
WORDS ON
THESE STUBB-
ORN OXEN! PREPARE
THE ATTACK!

LOOK,
THEY'RE
SPREADIN'
OUT IN A
LONG LINE!
HEY, LISTEN!
THE DUKE'S
SHOUTIN'
SOMETHING
TO HIS MEN...



-WITHIN THE
HOUR THE TOWN
OF BEAUVAIS
SHALL BE MINE!
CHARGE!



INSTANTLY THUNDERING HOOVES AND CLASHING
STEEL... DEATH IS ON THE PROWL ONCE MORE...





WELL, HERE GOES! I'VE NEVER USED ONE OF THESE THINGS BEFORE!...

BUT WITH ALL THOSE TARGETS, DON'T SEE HOW I CAN MISS!

JEANNE!- THAT BIG KETTLE THAT THOSE WOMEN ARE CARRYING! WHAT'S IN IT?

WAIT AND YOU SHALL SEE, VERY SOON...

WHILE BELOW...

GO ON UP, LYON!- REMEMBER THAT THE DUKE HAS PROMISED A BAG OF GOLD TO THE FIRST MAN WHO SCALES THE WALL!

LOOK!-THE DUKE'S MEN ARE STARTING UP THE LADDER!

AH!- BUT METHERINKS THIS MOLTEN TAR WILL SCALD THE SPIRIT FROM THE BLOODY DEVILS!

SOON...

WHY... WHY! SACRE BLEU!

BACK! BACK! LYON IS FINISHED!- BUT WE MUST SAVE OURSELVES!

WELL, STRANGER, IS IT NOT A RELIEF THAT WE HAVE FINALLY DRIVEN OFF THE LEGION?

HOLD ON, THERE! LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE TALKIN' TOO SOON! THAT WAS ONLY THE FIRST WAVE! LOOK! THE DUKE'S ALREADY GOT A FRESH GANG COMIN' AT US!

WHILE ON THE RAMPART NEARBY...

I TELL YOU, THIS IS HOPELESS!—WE DRIVE OFF THE FIRST WAVE AND BEFORE WE CAN CATCH OUR BREATH, THE SECOND WAVE IS GALLOPING AT US!

AYE, JEAN, YOU ARE RIGHT...

IT IS HOPELESS, INDEED! WE MUST SWING OPEN THE MAIN GATE AND SURRENDER BEAUVAIS TO THE DUKE!

HEY, YOU GUYS! C'MON, BACK UP HERE! THIS IS NO TIME TO QUIT! LET'S SHOW THIS DUKE HE'S NOT TH' BOSS!

WHILE BELOW...

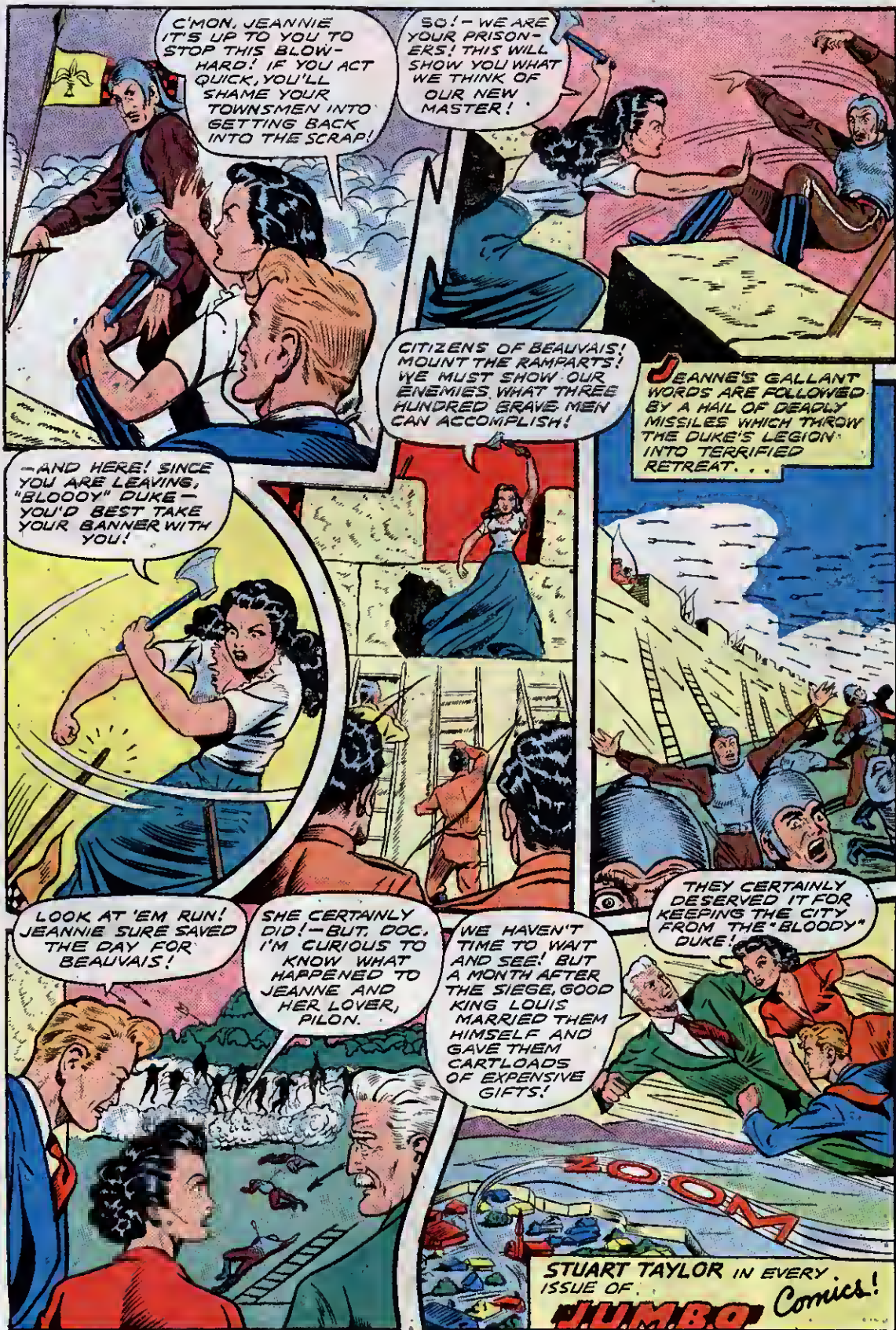
HERE, SOLDIER!—HAND THAT BANNER TO YOUR DUKE!—I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO PLANT IT ON THE HIGHEST RAMPART!

—BUT, SIRE, IT IS DANGEROUS...

BAH! WHAT CARE I FOR DANGER! ONE DOES NOT WIN HIGH STAKES BY PLAYING THE MOUSE!—FOLLOW ME!

THERE!—'TIS DONE! NOW LISTEN TO ME, CITIZENS OF BEAUVAIS!

—YOU ARE MY PRISONERS! BEAUVAIS NO LONGER BELONGS TO "GOOD" KING LOUIS!—IT NOW BELONGS TO CHARLES THE BOLD, DUKE OF BURGUNDY!



C'MON, JEANNIE
IT'S UP TO YOU TO
STOP THIS BLOW-
HARD! IF YOU ACT
QUICK, YOU'LL
SHAME YOUR
TOWNSMEN INTO
GETTING BACK
INTO THE SCRAP!

SO! - WE ARE
YOUR PRISON-
ERS! THIS WILL
SHOW YOU WHAT
WE THINK OF
OUR NEW
MASTER!

CITIZENS OF BEAUVAIS!
MOUNT THE RAMPARTS!
WE MUST SHOW OUR
ENEMIES WHAT THREE
HUNDRED BRAVE MEN
CAN ACCOMPLISH!

JEANNIE'S GALLANT
WORDS ARE FOLLOWED
BY A HAIL OF DEADLY
MISSILES WHICH THROW
THE DUKE'S LEGION
INTO TERRIFIED
RETREAT...

-AND HERE! SINCE
YOU ARE LEAVING,
"BLOODY" DUKE -
YOU'D BEST TAKE
YOUR BANNER WITH
YOU!

LOOK AT 'EM RUN!
JEANNIE SURE SAVED
THE DAY FOR
BEAUVAIS!

SHE CERTAINLY
DID! - BUT, DOC,
I'M CURIOUS TO
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO
JEANNE AND
HER LOVER,
PILON.

WE HAVEN'T
TIME TO WAIT
AND SEE! BUT
A MONTH AFTER
THE SIEGE, GOOD
KING LOUIS
MARRIED THEM
HIMSELF AND
GAVE THEM
CARTLOADS OF
EXPENSIVE
GIFTS!

THEY CERTAINLY
DESERVED IT FOR
KEEPING THE CITY
FROM THE "BLOODY"
DUKE!

STUART TAYLOR IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
JUMBO Comics!

THE GHOST GALLERY

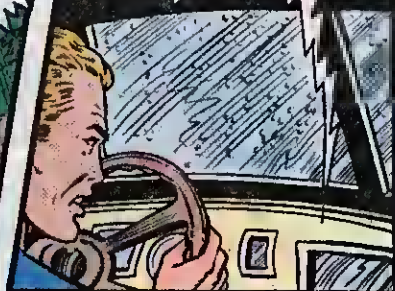
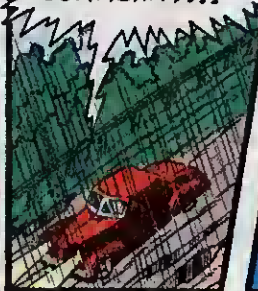
BY DREW MURDOCH



WHO WOULD BE THE NEXT VICTIM TO STARE INTO THAT MANIACAL FACE? WHO WOULD NEXT FEEL STRANGLER HARRY'S FINGERS LOCK THEIR THROAT AND GASP BEFORE THAT ALL FINAL SMOOTHER CAME? DEATH-WAGGLE CAME? SUCH WAS THE THOUGHT THAT CHILLED MY BLOOD AS I DROVE ON THROUGH THE STORMY NIGHT, LISTENING...

STRANGLER HARRY HAS CLAIMED TWO MORE VICTIMS! THE MURDERING MAD-MAN, WHO HAS TERRORIZED THE COMMUNITY...

... DURING THE PAST MONTH, CREEPT FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AND WITH BESTIAL CUNNING STRUCK AND FLED. THE POLICE ADMIT...



THEY HAVE NO CLUE AS TO HIS IDENTITY AND WARN EVERYBODY NOT TO VENTURE OUT ALONE. THE FIRST VICTIM TODAY WAS MARY ANDERSON. SHE WAS BOATING IN THE PARK WITH JERRY WEISS, WHEN...

JERRY, SOME-ONE'S UP THERE CREEPING ALONG THE RAILING AND WATCHING US—GO BACK, JERRY!

HE'S JUMPING DOWN! LOOK OUT, JERRY—LOOK OUT!

THEN MORE PITEOUS SCREAMS—FOLLOWED BY A SUDDEN SPLASH AND WILD TRIUMPHANT BABELINGS...

HELP! HELP! IT'S STRANGLER HARRY—HELP!

MOMENTS LATER A CRAB-LIKE FORM SCRAMBLED UP THE RIVER BANK AND DIS-APPEARED. LATER IN THE DAY, SUSAN DRAKE WAS SITTING IN THE PARK. HER ESCORT HAD GONE TO BUY SOME REFRESHMENTS, WHEN...

HERE, JOHNNY, YOU FORGOT YOUR CIGARETTES, DID YOU GET THE POP-CORN? JOHNNY!

GO AWAY—LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU'RE STRANGLER HARRY—OHHH!

HER NECK WAS BROKEN WHEN THEY FOUND HER, AND AGAIN THE KILLER HAD LEFT NO CLUE AS TO HIS IDENTITY.

GRUESOME MESS—WISH I COULD MEET UP WITH THAT DEVIL. THE STORM'S GETTING HEAVIER—CAN'T SEE THE ROAD!

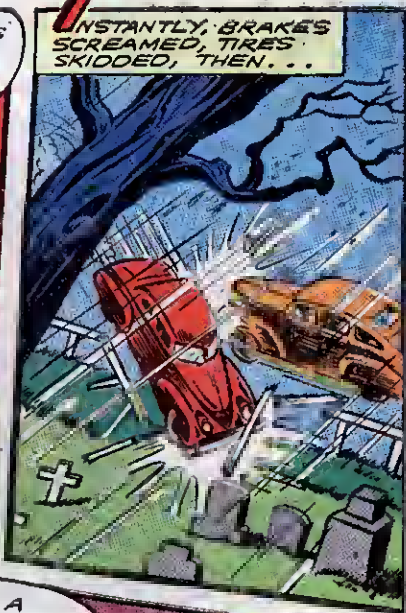
AS AHEAD...

BE CAREFUL, FRANK. YOU'RE DRIVING IN THE CENTER OF THE ROAD. PERHAPS WE'D BETTER STOP.

DON'T WORRY, HELEN, WE'LL MAKE IT. I KNOW THIS ROAD LIKE A BOOK.

LOOK OUT-THERE'S A CAR COMING STRAIGHT AT US-
LOOK OUT!

INSTANTLY, BRAKES SCREAMED, TIRES SKIDDED, THEN...

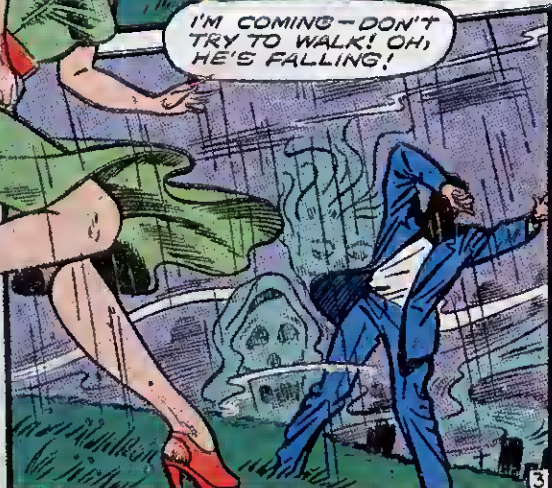


BLACK... EVERYTHING'S GONE BLACK... MY HEAD! WHO AM I? MURDOCH, MY NAME- YES, I'M MURDOCH! OH, MY HEAD!

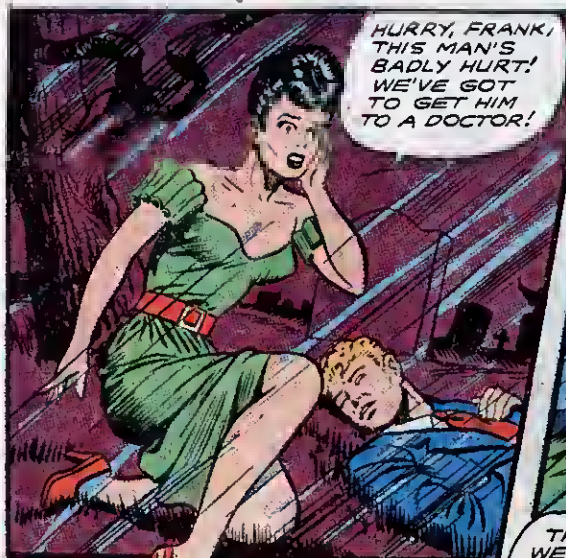
AND I'M IN A GRAVEYARD... THOSE SHAPES RISING FROM THE STONES-THEY'RE COMING TOWARD ME- I'M DYING!



KEEP AWAY-DON'T TOUCH ME! LET ME ALONE- PLEASE, SOMEBODY HELP ME!



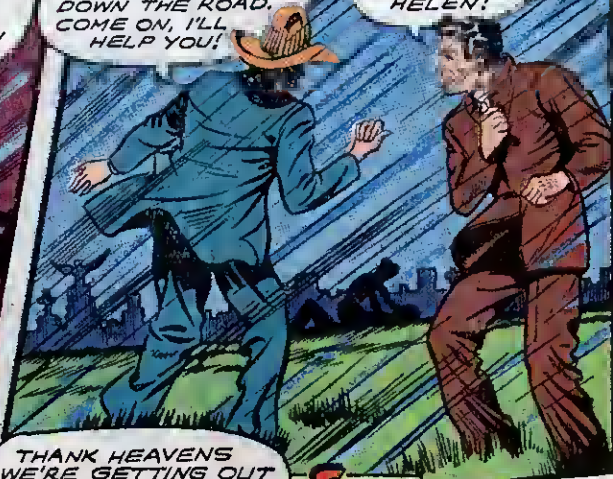
I'M COMING-DON'T TRY TO WALK! OH, HE'S FALLING!



HURRY, FRANK, THIS MAN'S BADLY HURT! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!

YEAH, MISTER, I SAW THE ACCIDENT. THERE'S A TAVERN DOWN THE ROAD. COME ON, I'LL HELP YOU!

GOOD, LET'S GO! WE'RE COMING, HELEN!



THANK HEAVENS WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE. IT SEEMS LIKE I HEAR STRANGE, WHISPERING VOICES.



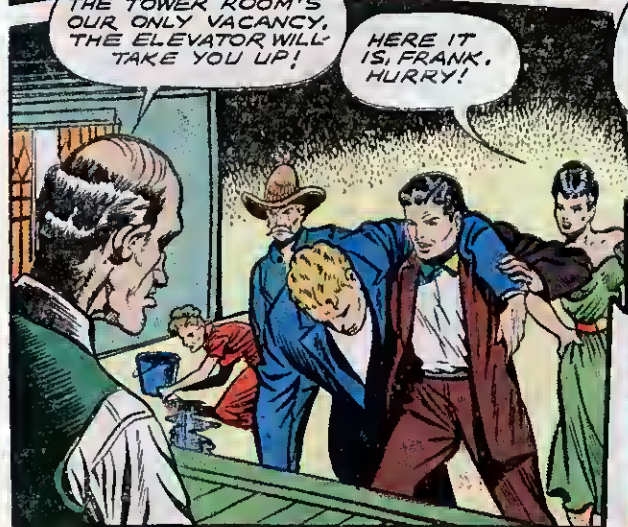
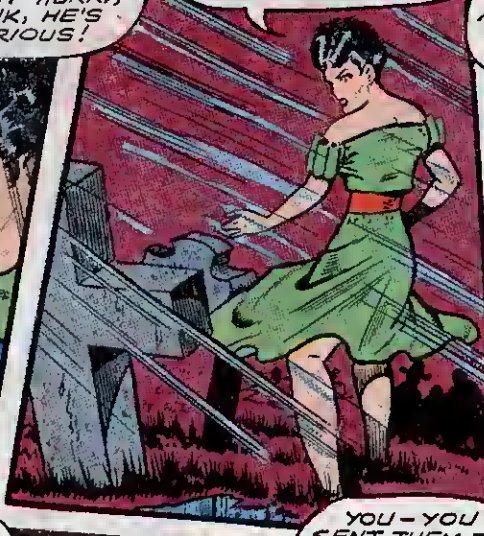
THE GHOSTS ARE TRYING TO TAKE ME WITH THEM. DON'T LET THEM TOUCH ME—PLEASE!

GHOSTS? THERE'S NOTHING HERE—NOTHING. HURRY, FRANK, HE'S DELIRIOUS!

SOON...

THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT—CALL A DOCTOR!

WHERE CAN WE PUT HIM? DON'T STAND THERE STARING!



THE TOWER ROOM'S OUR ONLY VACANCY. THE ELEVATOR WILL TAKE YOU UP!

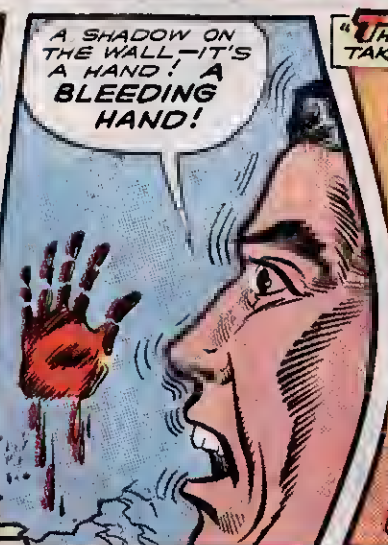
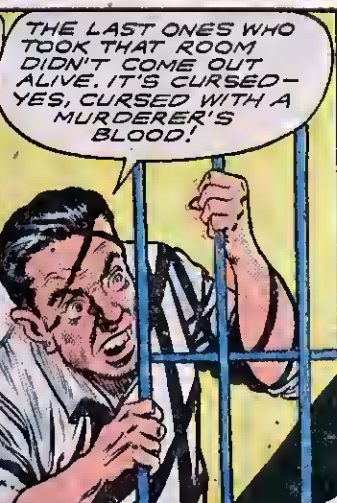
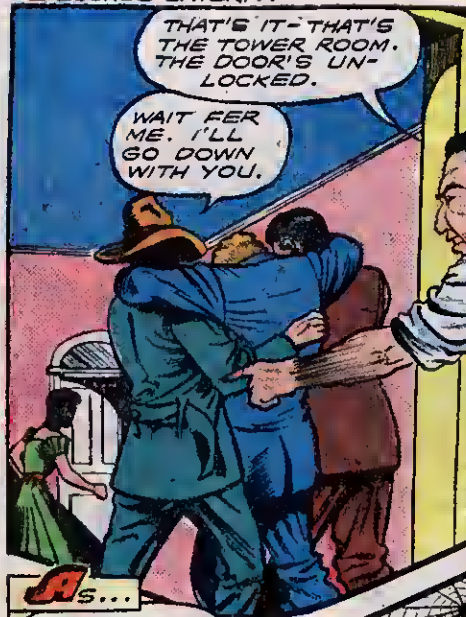
HERE IT IS, FRANK, HURRY!

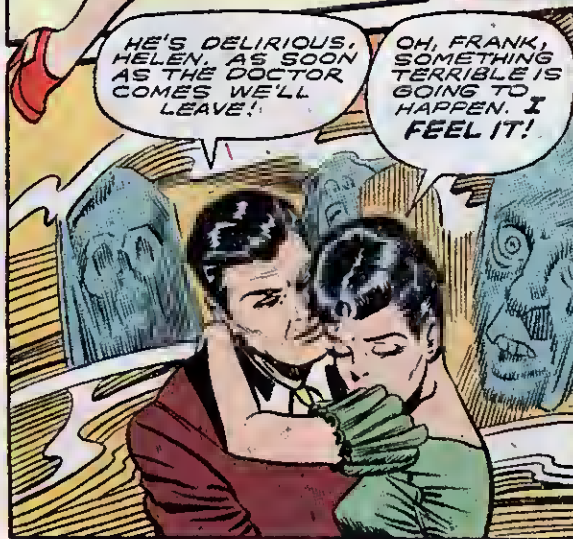
YOU—YOU SENT THEM TO THE TOWER ROOM! YOU CAN'T DO THAT, SAWYER, YOU CAN'T!

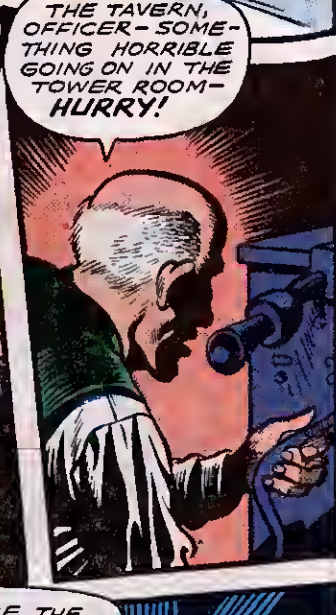
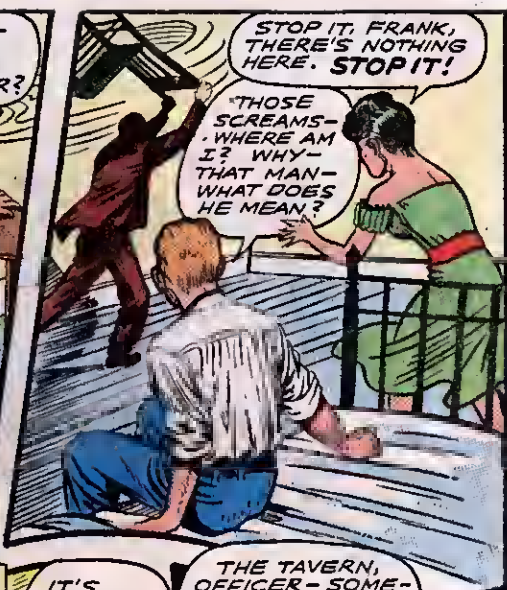
HUSH UP AN' GET ON WITH YOUR WORK!

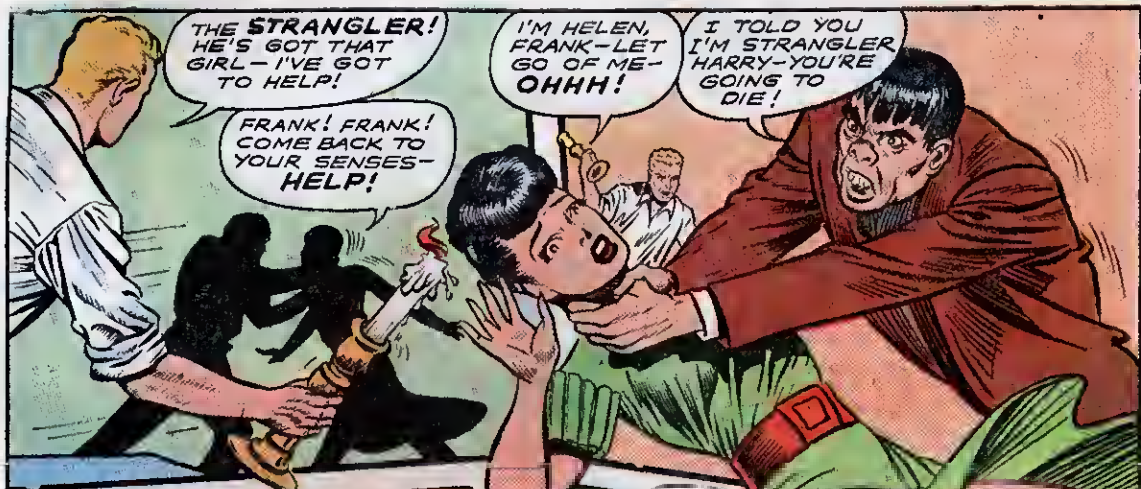


SECONDS LATER...







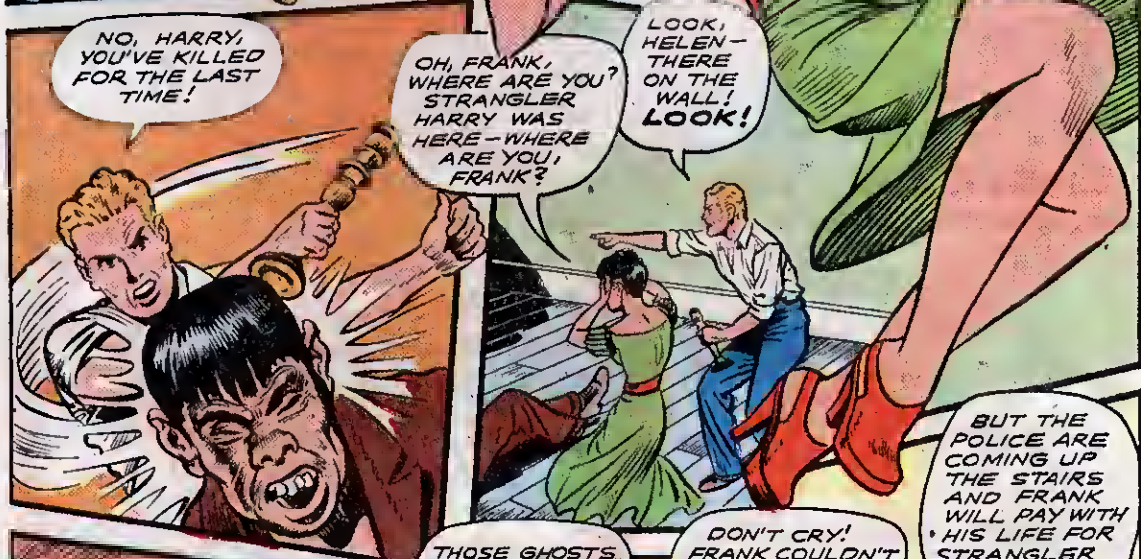


THE STRANGLER!
HE'S GOT THAT
GIRL - I'VE GOT
TO HELP!

FRANK! FRANK!
COME BACK TO
YOUR SENSES -
HELP!

I'M HELEN,
FRANK - LET
GO OF ME -
OHhh!

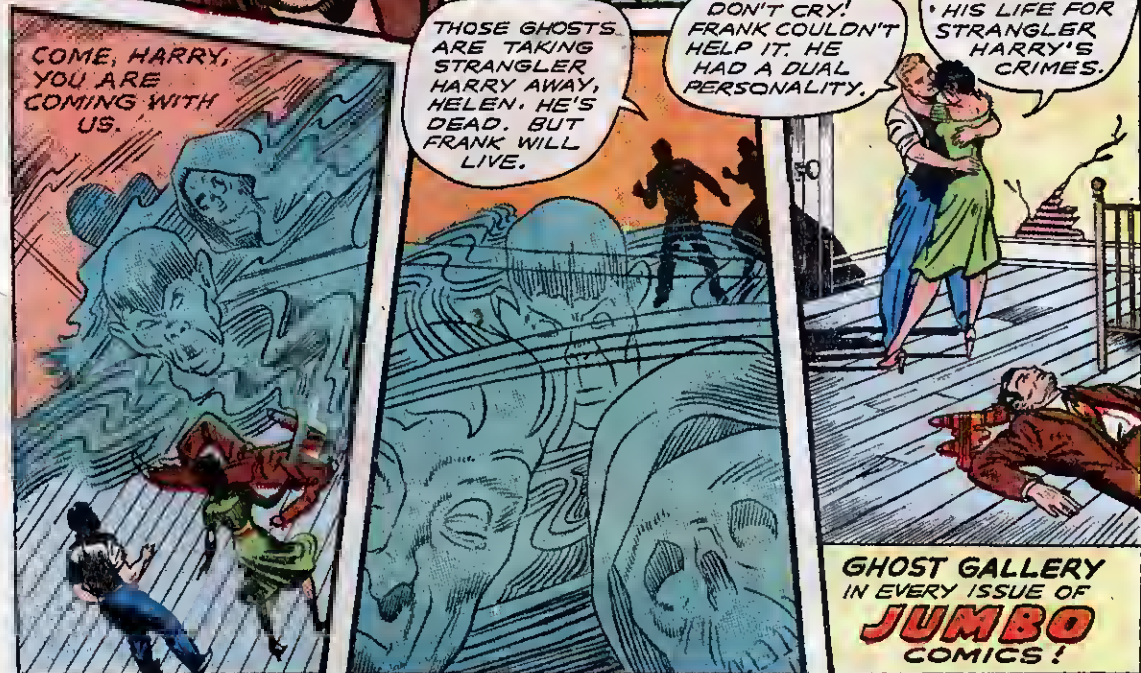
I TOLD YOU
I'M STRANGLER
HARRY - YOU'RE
GOING TO
DIE!



NO, HARRY,
YOU'VE KILLED
FOR THE LAST
TIME!

OH, FRANK,
WHERE ARE YOU?
STRANGLER
HARRY WAS
HERE - WHERE
ARE YOU,
FRANK?

LOOK,
HELEN -
THERE
ON THE
WALL! **LOOK!**



COME, HARRY,
YOU ARE
COMING WITH
US.

THOSE GHOSTS
ARE TAKING
STRANGLER
HARRY AWAY,
HELEN. HE'S
DEAD. BUT
FRANK WILL
LIVE.

DON'T CRY!
FRANK COULDN'T
HELP IT. HE
HAD A DUAL
PERSONALITY.

BUT THE
POLICE ARE
COMING UP
THE STAIRS
AND FRANK
WILL PAY WITH
HIS LIFE FOR
STRANGLER
HARRY'S
CRIMES.

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Strength
Athlete of
South Africa.
Says he: "I
owe every-
thing to
Jowett meth-
ods." Look
at this chest
—then consider
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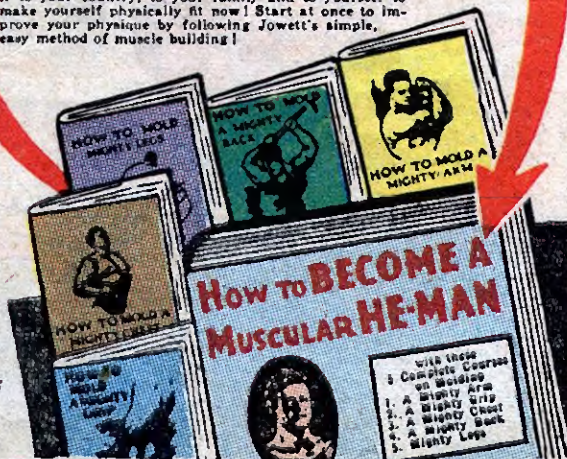
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